

BETTY MOORE'S JOURNAL

MABEL D. CARRY

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I

LONDON, April 2, 1905.

DORCAS has persuaded me to keep a journal. She has tried all my life to induce me to do so, and now she insists. I am rather glad she does, for everything I am doing is so delightful I do not want it to fade into oblivion.

Last evening we went to see a thrilling melodrama at Drury Lane Theatre. There were a villain and villainess, a hero and a lovely maiden, and it all ended beautifully. On our homeward way, as our cab threaded its way through the maze of vehicles that crowded the Strand, I squeezed Dorcas' hand in mine and said: "Sister dearest, I feel as if something were going to happen, something perfectly, wonderfully different than ever happened before."

Dorcas has always listened to my fancies, ever since our mother was taken from us and she, poor dear, was left with the care of troublesome little me. Now she smilingly answered: "It is the romance of the

play you have just left, girlie, filling your mind with visions of the conquering hero who will some day come and demand you of me."

John and Dorcas have brought me up to London for my first long visit to this great city, for in the past, when they have come here, I have been left behind at Chislehurst with Jack and Molly.

For two glorious weeks Dorcas has indulged me with a variety of entertainment, and I have enjoyed everything with the ardor of one who for the first time realizes the bigness of life. I sleep—to dream of the wonders of the day spent and pleasures passed—and awake, my nerves tingling with excitement, to meet the new day, full of unlived experiences.

I think of the nineteen years of my life as a tale that is told. My world will never be the same, now that I have seen the working, playing, suffering humanity of London. I long to become a part of its busy life—to work, to play, to suffer, too, if need be. I hunger to live, for it fills my soul with amazement to think

how ignorant I am of the mysteries of life. In that beautiful, peaceful dream of living, in the quiet English village where I have spent my life under Dorcas' kind guidance, I realize now that I have waited with impatience to hear, see, and feel the great outside world.

We reached the Savoy entrance, where we are living during our stay in London, as a number of cabs drove up with passengers and baggage, evidently, from an American liner, for we have learned to know the characteristics of the incoming travelers well enough to guess their ports. John, who had been awaiting our coming in the foyer, was greeting with a warm welcome a tall, dark American, and was so engrossed with the stranger that he did not see us enter.

Dorcas summoned a page to tell John of our arrival, and we took the lift to our rooms.

I moved as one in a dream—I have seen the Stranger and heard his voice for about five minutes, yet I know that my hero has come into my life; but I do not

want to acknowledge anything so startling and terrifying to myself.

My heart beat wildly, and I wonder Dorcas did not notice my excitement as we chatted in my room of the day's pleasures. She attributed my emotion to the play, and left me with an admonition to hurry to my rest.

Our rooms overlook the river, and not being able to sleep I curled up on the window seat to look into the night. The Thames, with its innumerable barges, flowed to the sea, and I, Betty Moore, sat and watched, feeling what a tiny little I, I was.

I thought of the women who had sailed down the river to the White Tower that gleamed in the distance, many never to return to life and love. They had been flesh and blood like me, and maybe had sat as I, watching the flowing river, questioning the future with trembling hearts.

II

LONDON, April 13, 1905.

THE Stranger has ceased to be the Stranger, for he and John were at Oxford together. He is in London on business. He came very unexpectedly, and must return to America in June. Dorcas says that only the very young and the very old live in the present; that it is an indication of departing youth to cease looking toward the future. I must have aged rapidly the past month, for I won't and can't think beyond June.

Dorcas and I spend many hours at the galleries and museum. Sometimes Mr. Bennett accompanies us and sometimes John and he are both able to be with us the entire day. Billy, as John and Dorcas call Mr. Bennett, enjoys everything as much as I do.

Dorcas sent us to the Tower unchaperoned to-day, while she rested in her room. We wandered through its galleries and finally, very tired, sat down in the armor room.

Mr. Bennett was immensely interested in the coats of mail and cruel swords, and while I rested he studied them in detail. I thought what a noble knight he would have made, so big and lithe; his quick brain and alert body would have carried his lady's colors to victory. I allowed myself for the moment to imagine I was the lady watching in the stalls, thrilling with love and pride at his salute. He turned quickly—he does everything quickly—and must have seen something of my dream in my face. I jumped into the present with regret.

"Come here, please, Betty." (Dorcas told him to use my Christian name, explaining to him I really am not a woman yet. Dear, deluded sister, she cannot see I have left childhood ages behind me!)

"Betty," he said, "if you were a knight entering the lists, would you prefer this breastplate or that?" pointing to two different kinds.

"If I were the knight's lady," I replied, "I should prefer he wore this one," choosing the one that seemed more protective.

"If you were his lady," he said, smiling with amusement (why, oh, why, will they persist in treating me as a child?), "you might not want him to return." He continued: "He might be a cruel knight who shut you up in his castle while he amused himself going to the wars."

"Still," I persisted, "if he were my knight I should want him to return, just the same."

"I believe you would, you loyal child," he answered gravely.

"Mr. William Bennett," I burst out angrily, "I must inform you that you are laboring under a delusion. I am not a child, but a woman. I am nineteen years of age."

"Miss Moore,"—he spoke seriously—"I apologize. You seem almost a little girl to me, probably because John has always spoken of you as 'Little Betty'; but no one knows as well as one's self how old one is; and from henceforth I am going to consider you, as you say you are, 'a woman.' If you will call me Billy I shall know you have forgiven me."

I am sure he doesn't really think me a woman; but it is a consolation to have told him my age, and it is a happiness to be able to call him "Billy."

We went back to the bench where we had been sitting, and soon a little family came and sat beside us. They were simple country folk, but they were happy with each other. The mother took the baby from her husband, and it nestled itself into her arms with a little coo of content. The boy, about five years old, asked his father all kinds of questions, and the father very patiently answered them. The mother's eyes were full of proud happiness as she looked from one to the other. She glanced from time to time toward the display of armor, but it was just a fleeting look of uncomprehending interest. She looked at the things they had come to London to see, because they had come, but they stirred no romantic fancies in *her* breast. Her own living present was what mattered to her—the husband who was taking a holiday, the boy who was like his father, and the cooing baby in her arms. She was a

slip of a girl only a few years older than I, but she had really lived. Her face was worn, and already there were lines around her eyes and mouth. Her hair was pretty and her teeth were still good, but her poor thin arms and flat chest showed through the cheap lawn dress she wore.

I wonder why it isn't possible for me to do without an expensive gown or two, to give women like her a few more beefsteaks. I have talked with Dorcas about it, but it seems as difficult to divide my excess of luxury with them as for the biblical camel to pass through the eye of the needle. Dorcas says, "It can't be done that way." There must be some way to do it.

Billy—I am going to write it and say it, and say it to myself, until I can call him by his name without feeling as if I were declaring my love each time—Billy said, "A penny for your thoughts, Betty," as I sat in a brown study, watching the baby look into its mother's eyes.

"I can't tell you," I said shortly, for my uncontrollable fancy was imagining what unspeakable happiness to hold in your

arms the child of the man you loved.

"I am sorry, for you looked as if they were pleasant thoughts," replied Billy.

Yes, they are painfully pleasant thoughts. I would gladly change places with the little, hard-working, emaciated mother, whose husband looked at her with such proud masculine ownership. She may be a physical wreck from overwork and care, while I am still young and have my overfullness of plenty, but I fear the man I love will never think of me as anything but a little girl, never need me, never ask me to be his wife.

III

LONDON, April 16, 1905.

WHAT is my fate to be? I asked Dorcas to-day if she believed in Fate. I asked her if she thought my life and hers are ordained to be lived in a prescribed manner. Did she think that Fate has our beginning, our being, and our end irrevocably written in her books? That although some of us seem to guide our destiny, in reality all of us are helpless in the hands of Fate? I am going to write down her reply where I may refer to it.

"My dear, you should ask a theologian or a philosopher such questions," she said. "I can only answer you personally and vaguely. I do not think that Fate has already defined the future of your life and mine. I choose to believe that our future awaits fulfillment, and may be influenced for good or evil by a power within ourselves, given us by the divine Creator of all things. The happenings of

life are often beyond our control, and we feel our helplessness to change what seems to be the working out of foreordained wants, but I believe we can influence what we call our destiny, that 'we can be what we will.' "

Here I interrupted impatiently: "You surely don't mean to tell me that all I have to do to become a great artist or philosopher, or anything I choose to be, is to just will to be it?"

"No, Betty, I do not mean the 'to be' as you express it; although I think the power of which I speak could effect more than we realize toward the accomplishment of such desires. I mean that we have the power to control the ego within us and force it to do our bidding. We have this power, but often neglect to use it, and the ego soon becomes unmanageable. The more ungovernable the ego and the more difficult to control, so much more power and courage do we gain, succeeding, to meet the intricacies and the tragedies of life that are far beyond our understanding.

"I presume you can recollect the day you

were first conscious of your own existence. I remember very vividly the hour I saw myself for the first time. I must have been little more than three years of age at the time. Through the mist of years between the then and the now I see the incident as occurring in the life of some other person, but I know it was I.

"It was a soft, sweet day in early June, when a wee maiden pushing her doll baby in a tiny perambulator wended her way under the blossoming cherry trees. She looked toward the window, where mother sat, to wave a last good-by before starting on that long walk around the yard with dolly. Which way to go, by the well or to the stable to look at old Billy? She decided to go to the well, there to gaze in awe into its deep, dark water. As she peered into its depths a little voice within her said: 'Be careful, Dorcas.' Who was Dorcas? Why, of all beautiful things, it was herself, and more beautiful still, she could make Dorcas look into the well as long as she pleased. She could send her back to the sunshine and flowers. To

exercise her newly found power she told Dorcas to look up at the cherry trees. The little girl looked up through the fragrant blossoms. There was a robin examining the tree carefully, to see how soon he might enjoy the fruit that would follow those beautiful but useless blossoms. Dorcas wondered if he knew he was Robin. As she gazed upwards she saw patches of blue sky and floating, fleecy clouds. She would tell the Father in heaven how thankful she was that He had sent her to this beautiful world.

"From the sitting-room window mother called. She must go in and leave this lovely outside world. Old Tom sat purring in the door. She must whisper to him before she went. He might not know that he was Tom. Tom seemed not to understand, and mother called again."

"Dorcas," I said, "there never was a sister in the world like you. I don't remember when I first recognized my own troublesome me, and as long as I have you to control it, I shall not bother about the tiresome thing. I am relieved that you

think Fate hasn't settled the remainder of my life for me. It gives me the shivers to think that out there in the future there might be a lot of difficulties, all planned, waiting for me to live them. It's much pleasanter to believe I might by some unexpected act of my own surprise her into changing her original ideas about me."

May 20, 1905.

We drove through the White Chapel district to-day. Dorcas did not approve of our going, but I insisted. I wonder where all the "thinks" in my head are coming from to-night. As I gazed from our comfortable electric brougham carrying us smoothly through those streets of misery my face grew crimson with shame, shame to think I can be so comfortable and happy, and all this misery in the world. I blushed for my clothes, for my gold bag at my wrist, for my clean, well-fed body. After we had gone a short distance I begged John to return. I was too ashamed to ride thus in my luxurious conveyance and see toothless, filthy old women stumbling

along the streets. I can never forget—as I go to my clean bed and rise to refresh myself with dainty food and soft raiment I shall think—they are suffering in filth. Oh, the pity of it!

May 25, 1905.

To-night I sat by my window and watched the river. I sent out a prayer of apology to those who, watching its waters, suffer, for I cannot now suffer with them.

Billy has asked me to be his wife, and there is no room in my heart for anything but selfish joy.

May 27, 1905.

Dorcas has consented, against her desires, to our marriage next month. Dearest of women! While I cannot think yet of what it will be to leave the dear ones here in England, I know it will be easier than to let Billy sail away to that unknown America and leave me behind. Billy must go, so I must go with him.

Dorcas has sent for Molly and Jack, and we are all going to live here until

after the wedding. Dorcas wants me to be married at St. Margaret's, as she was, and I am glad she does.

I am too happy to write in this journal. All I have to say is—I am going to marry Billy and Billy is going to marry me.

June 15, 1905.

The glorious sun shone through the stained-glass windows of St. Margaret's to-day, on me, Betty Moore, who joyfully promised William to be his wedded wife—"to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part."

I know no fear of the future, for I have lived in the sunshine of perfect wedded love and the glory of wifehood, and motherhood like a vision beautiful shines before me.

IV

NEW YORK, July 5, 1905.

WHAT is to become of me without Dorcas' daily presence? I imagined that when I married and put the ocean between Dorcas and myself I would become a self-reliant, independent woman, but I am just the same dependent Betty.

I am a little sorry for me, but I am more sorry for her, because it seems that when separation comes it is always harder for the one who gives all than for the one who takes all.

That's the queer thing about this funny old world. It shouldn't be so, but it is. While I feel as if myself and I had been torn violently asunder, I am so busy telling myself what to do that I can't be as lonely as she, who has suddenly lost the care of the same troublesome me.

The past weeks are like a dream, a happy one, where things happened so fast I haven't had time to think. I find myself living in

a strange land, the wife of a man I did not know a few months ago. I prick myself and say: "You are Mrs. William Bennett," and it does sound odd.

If it were not for those watery miles between Chislehurst and New York my happiness would be perfect. Now that I am separated from Dorcas I realize that the voice of the spirit within, which daily bids me seek the truth and beauty of life, is of her creation. She would say that it is my conscience, given me by the divine Father of all. Perhaps it is, but it was such a tiny little voice that without her tender fostering it would long ago have lost the power of speech, and I am conscious that I shall need to listen to its directing in this new world.

V

NEW YORK, December 17, 1905.

I HAVE not written in my journal because I have been absorbed in living. I have tried two or three times, but my pen wouldn't say anything.

This city seems very wonderful to me in its youth and strenuousness. There is something in its atmosphere that gets into my veins like wine, stimulating me to restless energy.

I arise in the morning resolved to spend a quiet day at home, writing letters and sewing. I go out to market, and when the fresh breeze blows in my face I become intoxicated with a desire for doing.

On my way to market I pass several tenement houses. The children of these tenements, dirty and anæmic, play unwatched in the dangerous gutter and street. Near by are lovely homes with yards, where healthy, well-nourished children frolic in safety, watched by careful attendants. Why, oh, why! Those poor little

scraps of humanity in the gutter can't help being born there, and surely the wholesome, clean youngsters are where they are through no merit of their own. I suppose this problem is as old as the world, but it is new to me. There is always some ignorant young person coming along and asking to be told why things are as they are. I don't know as the why makes much difference either—the important thing is to find out how to help the children in the gutter. I want to do something for them, but they are so many and they need so much. I talked to Billy about it, and he said there are all kinds of charitable societies and settlements relieving suffering, and trained paid workers going into the homes of the poor, helping them in many ways. It is a relief to think things are being done, but the multitudes still suffer, while we go on living our perfectly comfortable lives.

Oh, dear, if Dorcas were near, with her comforting presence! My heart aches so easily these days. Is it because of the precious new life just beginning to throb within me?

I have often wished I were a man, because men's lives are bigger and broader, but now I give thanks I am a woman. To think of missing the joy of carrying within the temple of our body a child—never to feel the blessedness of nurturing with one's own being the little unborn babe.

The glorious sunshine pours itself through my window and bathes me in its warmth.

Life is unspeakably beautiful.

VI

NEW YORK, *January 16, 1906.*

SUCH a snowstorm! I determined to finish a little gown to-day, so I could have the fun of sewing on the darling rosettes Billy brought me last night, but I have to keep looking out of the window at the beautiful white world without.

Billy is just beginning to realize the wonderful thing that is happening to us. When I showed him the first tiny garment I had made for the little stranger who is coming in May he looked at it with the queerest expression in his eyes, and then I knew it was not real to him the way it is to me. 'Tis harder for the man to grasp the joy of it all; he is glad I am happy, but he doesn't understand.

Oh, this lovely, lovely world!

The pure white snowflakes come softly down. They make me think of the souls of little babies.

I wonder what our baby will be like. Will he look up into my face with Billy's

eyes? Oh, I hope so! I want him to be a little Billy.

Some days I am terrified at the thought of my coming responsibility. To have a human soul given into my keeping! But I can't be frightened long because I am so happy.

I wonder how Dorcas bore it when she was left with helpless, motherless me—but Dorcas was Dorcas, and I know she held the tears back from her dear eyes so the baby's skies might be bright.

All the ugly housetops are hidden under the soft covering of snow.

Billy's Aunt Sarah is visiting us. She has been a mother to Billy. It's strange to think we neither one of us have known a very own mother. Billy must have been a wonderful child. Aunt Sarah entertains me with recitals of his precociousness. She lives in a tiny little town where she has spent her life. She never married, but used the best years of youth mothering three orphan children, Billy and his brother and sister.

I can't understand how Billy can be

impatient with her. Of course I know she tries him. She doesn't see things as we do, and insists on talking to him when he doesn't want to be talked to. He says he loves her devotedly, but best when she is in Ohio. He is very generous with her financially, but he wants her to live where she does; he isn't willing to share his home with her. I feel it is almost our duty to ask her to live with us. Indeed, when I think of what she has done for Billy I feel an ungrateful wretch for letting her live alone, but Billy says I have more heart than head; that we would all be miserable.

From where I sit I can see Aunt Sarah. She doesn't realize I can, and she is looking out at the snowfall too. Her face is sad, and beautiful in its dignity, as she gazes into the storm. Poor dear, how different her future looks from mine. I wonder if she is wishing she had not left youth behind, or if she is thankful her real work is over and she may spend her remaining years in the peaceful quiet of Canton, watching us younger ones fighting our battles.

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January 30, 1906.

The days slip by. They are all very much alike. Aunt Sarah and I shop a little, walk a little, sew a little, and talk a great deal. I have to ask her all sorts of puzzling questions. At least they are puzzling to me. Perhaps I haven't lived long enough to be intelligent, but the world to-day seems to me to be one big interrogation point.

VII

MEREDITH, N. Y., June 16, 1906.

A YEAR ago to-day I said good-by to England and Dorcas.

I am sitting by the side of the wonderful creature I call "my son." His little black head (I am so glad he isn't a fluffy blond like me) is a tiny reproduction of Billy's. As he nestles in his basinette the fragrance of his warm, damp little body makes it almost impossible for me to resist snatching him to me.

He gurgled in his sleep, and I had to kiss his krinkled, velvety cheek.

He has been in the world only six short weeks, and I care so much for his precious little being that I ask myself, "If this care increases at the same rate, what proportions will it assume in the years to come?"

Billy decided quite suddenly to buy a home in the suburbs, and was fortunate in securing a very charming house in this pretty town, where many of his friends have come to live.

Meredith is thirty miles from New York. It is a very charming village. Ravines like little valleys cut up the town, forming delightfully secluded sites for homes. I joy in walking through its winding streets, coming unexpectedly to the entrance of some lovely home hidden from the passer-by by thick shrubs and dense underbrush. For in some places it is so wild I indulge my fancy by pretending I may see a red face peeping from behind some old tree. Our savage brothers seem very near when we look at the bent trees marking their old trails. There is one in our yard, and oftentimes I sit by it and think of the lives that have been passed here before us.

My heart is filled with pity for the poor creatures who were at war with us and with themselves. Did some timid Indian mother perhaps creep through these woods with her babe at her breast, fearing for its precious little life? Men are strong and lose fear, if they know it, by fighting, but we poor things must wait and suffer. Those mothers must have been of braver stuff than I. I find myself terrified if baby's

temperature rises a degree. As I contemplate the life of a mother of red men and mine, my respect increases for her. She was compelled to make her home in a wilderness; in contrast to her I am given a palace in a garden of Eden. She had to be wife, mother, and slave; while I am as an empress, compared to her position toward her world. Her and her children's safety depended on her skill, patience, and courage; while I, whether I be skillful, patient, or brave, am protected with scientific precaution from every physical danger. She had for her spiritual inspiration belief in gods who knew no mercy, while I may pray to the merciful Father in heaven, knowing that He in His loving kindness will hear me.

I would have made a poor Indian mother indeed, and I am filled with humbleness when I think how easy is my lot compared to hers.

I wonder if we women are such poor weak creatures as some men in every age have deemed us; that "on account of the weaknesses of our sex and unsteadiness of

character" we should not have things made too easy for us. Do we fulfill better our womanhood in suffering and repression than in comfort and liberty? Does the softness of civilization, our excess of freedom from effort, make us content to confine our efforts to the *enjoyments* of living? Is it because our American husbands of the twentieth century demand so little from us physically, mentally, and morally, that we are forgetting how to fulfill the vocation of wife and mother? Will this indulgent husband, observing our retrogression, curtail our liberties and thrust us back into subjection? Are we not wise enough to appreciate our privileges and strong enough to fulfill the duties of our sex in spite of the distractions of our lives?

I am counting the days until the time arrives for Dorcas to be with us. The thought of her coming is like the anticipation of the Christmas Eve of childhood.

Baby is awake.

VIII

MEREDITH, April 16, 1907.

DORCAS did not come to America. She never saw my baby. A week before she was to have sailed she was stricken with a fatal illness and died within a few hours.

I wonder now how I can write calmly of this awful tragedy in my life. It is impossible for me to express the anguish her going from this world caused me. For a year I have done as others who suffer such losses. I have lived and moved in my allotted space, putting each day behind me as a task I must perform. I groped blindly in the dark, praying for light, and at last the pain lessened and again I can feel, as when she lived, the assurance of her love and help come to me from out the eternal. I cannot remember how I have lived the past year. I have tried not to darken our home with the shadow of my grief. I sent Billy among his friends to seek amusement.

Billy's older brother, Fred, who has

lived in New York longer than Billy and has many friends there, has been thoughtful of us. He has seemed to understand Billy's need of entertainment and my need of being alone. He has done many things to relieve the sad hours for me and the tiresomely stupid ones for Billy by insisting on Billy's spending the evenings in New York with him and his friends. I am beginning to understand that Billy's nature craves the constant exhilaration of social as well as business activity.

I had expected suburban life in America to be like the quiet country life we led at Chislehurst, but it is vastly different. There is such a hurrying all the time, and I try to do enough to keep three women busy. I play golf three and four times a week, sometimes more, in my efforts to acquire a good enough game to play in foursomes with Billy; play bridge three or four afternoons a week, attend morning reading classes and afternoon teas. We dine with friends or have friends dine with us nearly every night in the week. We go to dinner dances and motor, motor

everywhere. There seems to be "no time" for the women. The men have their business, and anything outside of that is recreation; but our recreation becomes a business, and our real duties disagreeable somethings for which there seems to be no time or inclination to discharge.

Our social circle grows larger each year; continually acquaintances ripen into friendship. Being so much together, women within an incredibly short time become most intimate friends, calling each other and each other's husbands by their Christian names, and discussing freely their most private affairs. The women are sweetly cordial to me, and I appreciate their acceptance of me, a stranger, as one of themselves. I have grown up with few but earnest friendships in my life, and it is difficult for me to accept intimacies easily.

Nelle and Charles Patterson are our most intimate friends. He is a grave, fine man of forty, who wooed and won Nelle, a southern belle, a few months before our marriage.

Our life is a continual dissatisfaction to me. We are surely losing the best in life, for of

what value is mere amusement, a continual whirl of good times, if I must give over my baby to the care of a trained person because I have no time to be with him? Billy and I have no chance to be with each other or to take part in the more serious things of life. Our Sundays are spent in motor-ing or at the golf club, and our summer's absence from church service seems to es-tablish the habit of staying away during the remainder of the year.

A majestic oak stands in the center of our lawn and many times I look at it, tall and mighty against the sky. I have a pagan reverence for its dignity, and I cannot help contrasting its life with mine. Feeling the failure of my frivolous existence, I look with envy at the oak, fulfilling its destiny in calm upgrowing.

MEREDITH, May 6, 1907.

Yesterday was Sonny's birthday and was one of the days that come in life as perfect as living may be, the remembrance of which I wish to lock in my heart as a precious memory.

The sun came up as it did a year ago, when I watched it rise, knowing that the hour of my bodily anguish was upon me. Then, as I stood by the window watching the passing of the night and the beginning of the day that was to be different from all other days for me, the glory of the flaming ball of fire in the east dispelling the misty clouds which floated between us gave me courage to meet the coming hours. That sunrise was beautifully full of promise that nothing but good could happen on such a day. Through the mist of suffering I could hope that when the same sun sank in the west my child would live. That sunrise has been a part of my consciousness ever since the hour my baby breathed. With the sound of his birth scream bringing supremest joy to me in my agony I could feel through the birth of the day God's promise of eternal light.

Yesterday Billy awoke to see me sitting by the window, and guessing my thanksgiving, as I watched the light in the east, he came and knelt beside me.

"Betty, little girl," he said, "just a year

ago to-day our Sonny's coming made me the proudest man in the world."

"Yes, dear," I answered.

He held my hand and told me how he loved the boy, and called me "sweet little mother." Oh, the preciousness of that hour! The nurse brought the little fellow, warm and sweet from his bed, to us, and Billy cuddled him in his arms as if the babe's exquisite preciousness were beyond expression in words.

I can always have that sweet memory to look back upon.

June 17, 1907.

Sonny took his first steps alone to-day. When he with outstretched arms came with tottering steps toward me my heart felt as if it would burst with pride and joy.

It is one of those days when your being sings a triumphal march of living. I feel within me the realness and joyousness of immortality. All the petty, miserable things fade before the sunshine and warmth of pulsating, vigorous living.

To-day I feel my life means something—
I am not born in vain. I am wife, mother,
friend, and the possibility of helping, of
lessening the world's pain, seems real.

IX

MEREDITH, June 20, 1907.

NELLE PATTERSON and I are much together. She is a charming girl, but more of a man's than a woman's woman. She seems always to make friends easily with men, while women are apt to hold a little aloof from her. She is apt to be overbearing because since her marriage she has become imbued with her husband's idea of herself—that she is without fault, her judgment so perfect that her decision should be accepted in all things as final. If Charles would not surround her with this atmosphere of false valuation she would soon realize that she is as the rest of us. She is not of the temperament that can rise above such adulation. A woman with a bigger heart and soul would recognize the dangers of his idolatrous love and, striving to reach his idealization of her, would appreciate her own shortcomings in failing.

Nelle asked me to dine with her last night, as Charles and Billy were golfing at

a distant club and would not reach home until late. I would have much preferred a quiet hour straightening the confusion on my desk, and I smiled as I acquiesced to her demands over the telephone. I am becoming so accustomed to the idea that Nelle's wishes should always be considered before others' that I almost believe it myself.

After dinner we went up to Nelle's room to look at new gowns. I was again impressed with its luxuriousness. It might be the sleeping chamber of a princess, so costly is it in all its appointments. The entire home is pleasing in its perfectness, but Nelle's room more than satisfies the desire for comfort and beauty. It almost oppresses one with the sense of its extravagance in luxury. If it were mine I should continually be asking myself if I were worth, keeping for my own personal enjoyment, so great a share of this world's goods.

Ever since my two months' stay in London, in spite of my happiness at that time, I carry with me the consciousness of

the others, those who dwell in continual daily physical want. It may be poor reasoning, a "woman's way," but I am happier to allow myself only what seems necessary to one's kind. In the great problem of waste in the universe I realize my economy of luxury is but the tiniest atom, but it is necessary to my peace of mind. The multitude of suffering humanity may not be helped, but a few of the vast throng may experience less discomfort, and my sense of proportion is not so outraged.

It is poor consolation for me to try to delude myself with the theory that is offered by some of my women friends, namely, that in spending freely I am benefiting mankind. The things for which we women pay extravagant prices rarely attain that end. The larger percentage of our money goes to increase the income of those who have,—the well-fed, well-clothed merchant, the well-to-do owners of office buildings, overpaid and incompetent household servants. I think it would be interesting but disquieting to trace as

far as possible the history of a month's expenditures. If we could be sure that the underfed, underclothed seamstress and the anaemic clerk were receiving a fair proportion of our money we could with easier conscience enjoy our extravagant gowns and the personal luxuries of womankind.

As I watched Nelle carelessly throw the lovely gowns across a chair I smiled to think how unconscious she was of any such tiresome conjectures.

She was alluring in the daintiest of dinner gowns, and the spacious room, its ivory tinted walls melting into softness under the glow of rose furnishings, seemed but a fit environment for so charming a creature. A lamp on the center table shed its rosy gleam over her snowy bed, with its exquisite hand-embroidered covers. Her filmy night-robe and pink satin slippers awaited the wearer, who always disregarded the fragility of her clothes and would indifferently drop beautiful gowns on the floor, to be cared for by a maid who shared the household idea of its mistress' perfection.

I noticed the open box of cigarettes on

her bedside table. "Nelle," I expostulated, "I believe you are smoking too much these days."

"Betty," she replied petulantly, "I suppose you would deny me that harmless amusement, if you had your way. I have to have them. Think of the cares I have, this great house and all its troublesome servants, and my nerves a wreck. I don't see how you manage—with the baby, too. How do you ever get any rest? You are beginning to show the wear and tear. You had better do the way I do, and rest in the morning. One never gets a chance later in the day. No one is allowed to come near my room in the morning until I ring my bell. Just because the men have to get up is no reason we should. My nerves are too bad—I can't sleep until midnight."

I hesitatingly suggested that the cigarettes might have something to do with the condition of her nerves. This angered her, and she replied impatiently: "Just because you don't enjoy smoking, you have an idea it injures those who do. I

should think you were accustomed enough to seeing women smoke in England not to be forever scolding if we follow your example."

I wonder why it is that Americans adopt the evils of the social life of foreigners so much more readily than any commendable practice the same foreigners may have. The feeling exists here that it is beneath the dignity of an independent American citizen to attempt to better his social habits by seeking the desirable in foreign customs, and for some incomprehensible reason the American feels he should be excused from criticism for the vulgar and undesirable habits he may acquire imitating the same foreigners.

I reached home before Billy and awaited his coming on the porch.

How strange he should forget my birthday! Sometimes the thought darkens my happiness that Billy does not care as I do. Was I so blinded with my love that I never questioned if it were the same with him? We lead a feverish, restless life. He does not seem to wish any quiet evenings at

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home. Going out, we are always apart, he with some other man's wife and I with another woman's husband.

He came home in fine spirits and apologized for neglecting me on my birthday. He was tender and loving, and all the little black demons spread their inky wings and flew away.

X

MEREDITH, June 26, 1907.

IT is impossible to keep count of the days—they are so busy. I can't tell how I have spent them. They are a jumble in my mind—motoring, golfing, visiting, telephoning, with a little home management and child superintending mixed in.

I am going to try to write in this journal regularly—there must be a good reason for doing anything Dorcas asked me to do.

Sonny is blooming in the pure air and happy as the day is long. I don't spend much time worrying about his upbringing. I am too busy.

We mothers talk over our problems and give each other advice, but we aren't home long enough to apply it. I can't remember the days' happenings well enough to attempt going back any farther than yesterday.

Yesterday I played with Charles in a mixed foursome against Billy and Nelle.

We always play that way—our games seem to balance better. I do enjoy golfing, but I wish some time I might play with Billy.

Married life isn't like what I had dreamed back there in that quiet English village—I should have been a blacksmith's wife, I am so happy with my own, and I imagine if my good man had been wielding the heavy hammer the long day through he would have been content to sit by his fireside, his sonny on his knee, smoking his pipe, while I might sit opposite him and listen to him recount the village gossip.

I know I am foolish—I ought to enjoy doing as other women of my class do, and I mean to make myself.

If we followed our own inclinations we would become dull folks indeed, I suppose.

We came in from the links as the great red sun was setting, the sky over our heads aflame with its reflected light. I called to Billy to look at its beauty, but he was busy tying Nelle's shoe and gave the glowing west an unseeing glance. I felt cold and depressed as we came up to the

club, and Billy ordered a cocktail for me commanding me to drink it.

I was amused, thinking how different he is from the husband of ancient Rome who would solemnly kiss his wife, and if he detected liquor on her breath probably beat her. Yet we think the standard of woman's morals vastly higher than in those early days. I suppose the moral degradation of the beating more than offsets the harmful privilege of drinking stimulants. I wonder if Billy really thought I needed the liquor or whether he felt embarrassed as a host to let Nelle drink alone.

I can't help but wish Nelle were different in some ways, or perhaps I might wish I were more like her, for Billy seems to enjoy her ways more than mine. I am mortified to find that I try to think and see things as she does, in a foolish attempt to please Billy.

July 27, 1907.

Jean Lamson gave a baby party yesterday for little Georgiana, who was three years old.

Sonny behaved like an angel. There

were thirty little ones as guests and thirty proud mothers and nearly as many nurses watching the tiny tots. I left Fanny at home because she is so fussy about William. Jean had a professional entertainer up from New York. We all sat on the lawn, and the ones who were old enough watched him entertain us. Then they played games, and while Sonny chewed my watch chain I enjoyed watching the bobbing bows of dainty little maidens tripping over the grass after balls and flying things. Nelle came and sat beside me. She looked bored. I said I hoped some day Sonny would have a little sister like Georgiana, something I could tie bows on. Nelle looked at me with surprised disgust and said:

"I don't understand your infatuation for children, Betty. They are cunning when they are dressed and at a party, but they are so tiresome in everyday life."

"Nelle, dear, your own wouldn't be," I suggested.

"Don't talk to me of my own," she answered angrily. "I hear enough from Charles on that subject. I thought when

I married Charles he would be satisfied with me. He wanted me badly enough."

Even as Nelle gave utterance to her angry thoughts she was beautiful to look upon. I wonder how I can love her and enjoy her beauty as I do, for her ideas of life hurt me.

"Nelle, Nelle, don't talk so," I expostulated.

"Why not, I would like to know?" she retorted. "You are too proper, Betty. I suppose I shock you because I call a spade a spade, but you can just listen to me. You are one of the women a person can talk to and know you will keep your mouth shut."

I do wish Nelle would not express herself like a rough boy.

"Why didn't my mother tell me what would be expected of me when I married? Why don't women rebel? Answer me!"

"Nelle, I can't answer you," I said despairingly. "You won't listen to my ideas."

"Well, you can tell me what they are. I don't have to adopt them."

"No, there is no likelihood, Nelle, that

you will," I said. "I believe that all earthly achievement, riches, or power dwindle into nothingness in comparison with the privilege of parenthood. Men and women attempt to convince themselves that it is a commonplace act to create and reproduce themselves, but the truth is that it always has been, is, and always will be, the most wonderful expression of human life. Really, it is a responsibility we should consider very precious, the office of wife with all its possibilities. Your mother did not say the things you think she should have said because she couldn't. You would not have understood them, and besides, the woman of the past generation accepted more readily the obligations of wifehood and motherhood."

Baby William had gone contentedly to sleep, soothed by our voices, and just then Katherine Price came up and spoke to us. She is just eighteen, and lovely in her beautiful girlhood. After kissing Sonny's dimpled hand, which lay limp as he slept, like a crumpled rose leaf, Katherine passed on, to play with the children.

"Now look at her!" burst out Nelle. "Young, and a beauty, with men at her feet, she might marry a man like Howard Bancroft. He has the financial wherewithal and is the kind who would give her a good time. Instead, she chooses to marry Jack Elliott, poor as a church mouse, who will expect her to rear a family and vegetate."

"Oh, Nelle," I exclaimed, "you are wrong, wrong; you don't understand."

"No, I don't," she retorted. "You are one of those weak women who believe in the old order of things, that a woman should be subject to her husband and be fruitful and multiply. Not for me!"

With that she left me, and I cuddled my precious boy in my arms, worshiping every atom in his tender, helpless body.

XI

August 1, 1907.

BLESSED is the day that brings one a new ideal, a definite idea to make a part of one's consciousness.

I met Elizabeth Bainbridge at a lecture this afternoon and walked home with her.

We spoke of the contrasts of different women's lives. It stands out vividly here in a village like this, some of us living in the luxury of the twentieth century, well to do, others striving to hide their needs from their pampered sisters.

"Elizabeth," I said, "can a woman retain character and keep her soul from dwindling while living in the ease and luxury that many of us do?"

"My dear little woman," she smiled back at me, "what an embarrassing question to ask me. Perhaps you do not know that I have experienced the meaning of luxury—I had never known anything of the other side of living until ten years ago. I have therefore lived in close contact

with the women who enjoy both and those who enjoy neither. Yes, my dear, I think it is possible, but not easy, for the woman who lives with every physical want gratified in this extravagant age, to keep her soul healthy."

"How, Elizabeth? How?" I begged.

"It is a problem each woman must solve for herself," she replied. "There are few women, even among a class of over-cared-for and overindulged, who cannot find responsibilities and beautiful possibilities, in discharging which they may exercise a soul becoming feeble for lack of exercise."

"That is lovely," I laughed. "Mine is positively anaemic at the present time. The body, like a Frankenstein, towers over it, and it, in its puniness, shrinks daily."

"The woman who seeks to escape the slavery of present-day civilization," she continued, "must think back to her girlhood ideals and endeavor to live them. She must give as much time to the spiritual and mental as to the physical part of life. Just because she has every means of

physical enjoyment at her disposal she need not spend all of her time indulging herself. If such a woman will practice the old-fashioned virtues of home making and child rearing she will find therein an escape from the feverish living of the American woman of the present-day well-to-do class. I think, generalizing, that the women of the very wealthy class are better home makers than the women who have enough of this world's goods but desire more. They are the ones who should awaken, to their responsibilities and hasten to change their way of living."

"Yes, yes; I agree with you. I am one of them. Really, I don't know how. If I were my cook I could concentrate my energies on being a good cook; if I were my chauffeur's wife I could fulfill my destiny washing, cooking, sewing; but I am neither. I am the wife of an American gentleman who gives me the liberty of making or of unmaking my own life and his."

"I believe," she said in a thoughtful tone, "that it is the middle class in this young,

vigorous country who will do more toward bettering the inequality of man than has been done before. Just think of the possibilities of us mothers! If women would only remember that they are the soul of civilization.

"Never before in the history of the world have so many women held so much power in their hands. No, I don't mean the franchise, although thus far I can see only good results from the privilege; I mean the liberty given wives by the present-day American husband. Sometimes it is careless indifference to responsibilities as fathers, but more often it is loving confidence in the judgment of the woman he has chosen to rule the home. If these mothers would bear children and rear them with the thought that *it isn't what they get from the world but what they give to it*, the history of the next century of the world's civilization would be changed.

"How little the fragrant, charming woman playing bridge and munching chocolates, while her little son or daughter rides in a motor or walks with its nurse,

how little she thinks that her every act is reaching into the ages ahead of her, and perhaps deciding a critical, ethical, or moral result, after she has vanished, leaving no trace of having lived. The mothers of the poor and of the uneducated are influencing the lives of millions of coming citizens; the mothers of our class are bearing few children and neglecting their opportunities of rearing those few to become world powers for good."

"Oh, Elizabeth, do you think we neglect our children? I imagined they were too carefully protected."

"So they are, physically, my dear," she returned. "They are shut off from physical experiences under the care of maids who dare not allow them the risk of fulfilling their natural desires in play. If you have ever listened to the conversation of the average nursemaid and child as they sit in the yards or park, your instinct will tell you how dissatisfying to the little one must be its limited world. It's not the nursemaid who is to blame; it is you mothers. You can't expect her, with her

limitation, to feed that young soul and mind. If the little one were left to itself it would travel into the wonderful dream-land of childhood, but just as it is about to make a beautiful discovery well-meaning Hannah steps in with: 'Now, John dear, you mustn't do that—what would mother say!' These first few precious years you mothers have your possibilities and you are not *there*. You must forgive me if I speak too earnestly, but I have lived longer than you sweet young mothers, and I know the day will come when you will realize what you have missed doing. Don't be satisfied with only the material welfare of your child; pour your soul into him, and that will keep your own healthy."

"What can the women do who haven't children?" I asked.

"I think," she replied, "the want keeps them from becoming the complacent, self-satisfied, material women of whom we are speaking. If it doesn't, and one is a shallow, selfish woman, she becomes a soul developer for a tired husband, and at least serves some purpose toward the good, while the

women I mean are nothing. They bear one or two children and are satisfied they have done all that is expected of them. Their husbands should be content with the privilege of supporting them in their busy do-nothing existence."

"I see another difficulty," I suggested. "How can such women as you describe be the mothers you would have them?"

"In many ways," she replied. "If such a woman awakes to the fact she can soon rouse her spirit to action. There is her church awaiting her interest and help; there are her civic responsibilities; there are the lives of others less fortunate than herself coming in contact with her life; there are always the poor. At present, the pleasantnesses of life absorb nine tenths of her time, and the earnestnesses of living must be squeezed into the remaining one tenth. I need not prescribe the many outlets for her newly awakened sense of responsibility. As soon as this woman wishes to do her work, and turns determinedly to fulfill her duty, she will find the 'how.' "

XII

September 16, 1907.

FEELING depressed and discouraged this morning, I decided to ask Elizabeth to give me an hour of her cheering companionship. I asked her by telephone what hour I might come to see her, and her cheery voice came back: "Any hour, my dear, if you don't mind sitting in the kitchen."

I found her busy baking bread and cake, her eyes full of sparkling animation. Beside her on the kitchen table was an open volume by John Stuart Mill on the subjection of women.

"My dear Betty, what's wrong with the world?" she questioned, after she had put me in a low rocker by the south window, where flowers bloomed and a canary sang happily.

"Women," I replied.

She laughed her sweet, cheery laugh as she poured her cake mixture into the tin.

"Do you think my husband will tire

of me as I grow old? I hear all the time from other women the necessity of keeping my husband enamored with my physical attractions. Do you think the sex element is so overproportioned that it overbalances everything else in the relation of men and women to each other?"

I watched her face as she put her cake carefully in the oven. One is always discovering new beauties in her noble countenance. You need never fear to see even a fleeting expression of anything unlovely. If imperfect thoughts attempt to find a resting place within her mind the fineness and purity of her nature overcome their harmful mission and they effect no expression through her.

She did not answer me immediately, but continued her homely duties in her direct, capable way, and as I waited for her to speak the sunshine, the bird's sweet song, her confident, cheerful self, created an atmosphere of positive hopefulness. As one comes in chilled from the outer world to sit before the comforting heat and brightness of an open fire, so was I grateful

to bask in the sunshine of her presence. I began to feel the possibility of overcoming the imperfectness of my existence.

"My dear," she said, "marriages that are based on love should be spiritual. In them the element of sex is necessary, but from this element the consciousness of sex may vanish. You are young now, in the fullness of life and love. You are living in an age when the materialness of civilization accentuates everything pertaining to the flesh. You have only to look at one day's living to realize how little spirituality there is in our lives. The hours are spent in eating, sleeping, dressing, and recreation. The sex attraction, old as the hills, thrives in the atmosphere of present-day civilization. Man, who is in all ages a more physical being than woman, very naturally as the women of his generation become more materialistic forgets the spiritual part of her being and looks for a corresponding animalism in her."

"We glory in the advancement of our age, and yet I think we women have been sliding down the scale the past two

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centuries. We need as a sex to work for the restoring of old-time standards. We need to wake to the realization of the duty of child bearing and of simple living. Every woman, no matter how limited her sphere, has spiritual possibilities toward the world. If her lot is to walk unknown, the look in her eyes, her bearing, her apparel, may be an influence for good or bad. As mothers of men her opportunity is increased a hundredfold. Women as a sex are not as loyal to each other as men. If enough women cared sufficiently for the glory of their sex, and would make sacrifices for its uplifting, this world would be a much better world."

"Elizabeth," I said, "if I try to do the things you say women should do, will my husband's love continue for me through the years? May I cease worrying about losing my physical attraction for him?"

"Yes, my dear Betty, I think you may," she replied. "There are few men with cultivated faculties who will not love you lastingly for beauties of character and of soul. Create for yourself the highest ideal

of womanhood you can imagine, and strive continually to live that ideal. There must be among our fine American gentlemen many disappointed husbands, men who learned the worth of womanhood from a noble mother and who are unfortunate enough to have for a mate a helpless, selfish woman. Such wives need only try to fulfill their husbands' idealization of them.

"But, Elizabeth," I interposed, "are there not many men who are too ignoble to appreciate a wife's moral and spiritual strivings toward perfection, who are better pleased to have her a good-looking animal?"

"Perhaps, Betty," she admitted. "However, a wise and good woman may be the means of awaking such a man's better self. I fear it is an almost impossible task for a woman to make over a man's soul after marriage. A wife with a brutish husband is a poor helpless creature, and if she has strength to hold her belief in goodness and purity, although shut off from the joy of them in her own life, she is surely one of God's elect."

I am indeed thankful for this woman's friendship.

September 17, 1907.

We dined with George and Jean Lamson last night.

During dinner I asked Charles if he thought we women were too extravagant. Charles, the adoring husband, never criticizes anything feminine, but it was the beginning of a lively discussion.

"Robert says," Helen Gregory interrupted, "that women of our set *all* spend more than we should."

"He's right," agreed George Lamson. "I am busted the first of every month when Jean's bills come in."

"I should think you would be ashamed of yourselves," Nelle broke in angrily. "I would like to know what you mean by 'Jean's bills'! It's probably the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. We can't help it if prices are higher than a cat's back, can we?"

"No, Nelle," Robert answered, "but you can learn the value of money. Helen

is trying to, but it isn't in her line. She is a fine little spender, however."

"Golly," said George, "you have got courage to talk up like that."

"That's enough for you, George," said Jean, with a look that quieted any further remark her husband might have thought of making.

"I've noticed if there is any economizing to be done it's the woman who is expected to do it. I worry over my bills and hand them to George feeling like a criminal, and then I happen to see some of his club bills! The baby will grow, and George likes me to be as well dressed as other women. Isn't that so, George?"

"Oh, I suppose so," assented George.

"I'll tell you what is the matter, boys." We all laughed, for Fred Perry is a bachelor.

"Well, but I am serious," he persisted. "It's all wrong to make a woman feel dependent. If I were a woman I would poison a man who treated me as something to be supported. When you marry a girl you make her your partner, and half of everything *is* hers. It's no favor for

you to support her. Her economic value in the home is worth half the income you may be able to earn. When I think of my existence and see the way you fellows live I am inclined to change the statement and say your wives ought to have all the income and give you an allowance."

"For heaven's sake, Fred," George blustered, "we have a hard enough time now without you giving these girls any new ideas of their importance."

"You wait," continued Fred, "until I show you how to treat a wife. I think the women have a darned hard time. If I were a woman I wouldn't marry the best man on earth. The woman takes you 'for better for worse,' and it's usually 'worse' for her."

"Think what a husband for some woman!" sighed Jean. "Fred, why in the name of goodness didn't you make yourself known before we girls tied ourselves to these unappreciative men?"

"I should like to have an opportunity to make a statement," interrupted Robert, in his coldly pleasant voice.

"Go ahead, Rob," said George; "speak up for us."

"It is this," said Robert. "Fred is from twenty-five to fifty years behind schedule in his wife valuation. Wives used to be worth in economic value to the home a great deal more than they are at the present day. What do the women you know give to their homes and their world of real value? I am not speaking of exceptions or of the very rich or very poor, but of the women you know. Generally speaking, the servants run the house. If there is a child or two, expert nurses are paid to care for it or them. The wife and mother has all she can do to buy her clothes, shop, entertain and be entertained with luncheons and teas, play golf and bridge, answer telephone calls, and ride miles in expensive automobiles on seemingly important errands. At the end of the day, instead of having added to the home her share of labor, whether physical or ornamental, she would, if she were to compute her hours' activities in dollars and cents, be shocked to find herself an

expensive luxury to her husband. I don't think the woman is altogether to blame for this condition. I am not so much criticizing her as making a statement of fact. She used to spend more time in her home with her children and less time and money upon herself than now."

"Robert," exclaimed Jean, "how can you say such outrageous things?"

"They are not outrageous, girls, they are simply facts," smilingly replied Robert, for he loves to provoke a discussion, and often overtalks himself with that end in view.

"Jean," questioned Robert, "did you ever stop to figure just how much money you carry around on your person every day?"

"About twenty-five cents," laughed Jean, "and once in a while a ten-dollar bill."

"I don't mean that," Robert replied in his superior way. "I mean when you go out arrayed in your usual attire, do you ever think of the total cost of gowns, hat, lingerie, and trinkets? Do you ever

compute what percentage of your husband's income is required for your personal needs?"

"Great heavens, no, Robert! What a cold-blooded way of putting it," said Jean, with disgust.

"That's it; if we men try to induce you women to use business methods in your domestic affairs you call us cold-blooded," argued Robert. "To speak frankly, the wives and daughters of the American business man of to-day spend too much money on their persons. They are very nice to look at, but of what economic value are they to their husbands and fathers? My grandmother and yours gave something to the world. You women would call them frumps, and say their outlook was narrow. What will your grandchildren say of you?"

I wonder if there is more truth than we are willing to admit in Robert's criticism of our extravagance?

XIII

September 30, 1907.

THERE was a Mothers Meeting at school to-day. There are a number of mothers who confer with the teachers to discuss ways and means of helping the children.

The town is divided by the Alder, a tiny river, into what is spoken of as the East and West Side. There is, however, more than a geographical difference between the two, a difference more impossible to bridge or tunnel than the most difficult condition of nature—the difference of class. I am just beginning to recognize what an important thing it is here in America. At home dividing lines are distinct and of long standing. Here it is different. There little attempt is made to bridge the difference or break down the ethical barriers. Here there is a constant effort to ignore the difference and destroy the obstructing something that does exist, notwithstanding our desire to deny it. I love this vigorous,

warm-hearted country and its people, and rejoice that I am one of them.

A Mrs. Cartwright called me up on the telephone and asked me to become a member of the Mothers and Teachers Association, and to attend the meeting with her to-day. She is the wife of the village barber. I called for her in my automobile and she seemed pleased, but I felt uncomfortable. I tried to be at my ease and talk naturally, but didn't succeed very well. My constraint affected her, and we were both glad when we reached the school.

There was a good-sized gathering, about one hundred from the West Side and ten from the East. I saw Jean Lamson, perfectly at her ease, talking vivaciously to four West Siders, who were frankly enjoying her, her charm, her clothes, her general something that made the difference between her and them. If the difference was observed by Jean she gave no evidence of it. She went to the heart of things. She ignored the immaterial appurtenance. She might not have to cook her meals and wash her children's clothes,

in fact, could not do so if she wished, unless she displeased her husband and failed in being what he desired. She might ride in an expensive motor while they walked on tired feet to the meeting, but she was able, in spite of her handicap, the seemingly unjust favoritism of Fate, to get near them. She made them feel that she was honored with their acquaintance, that they could do more for her than she for them.

"Now, Mrs. Stock," she was saying to the wife of the blacksmith, "I have been counting the hours until this afternoon, to have your advice about George, Jr. Is it right for me to allow him to trade marbles with the other boys? You know"—she explained to the woman standing next to her—"it's such a satisfaction and privilege for a mother with little tikes to have the advice of a woman who has successfully raised four boys."

Mrs. Stock glowed with pride.

"Oh, Mrs. Lamson! My boys are good boys, to be sure."

"Yes, indeed they are, Mrs. Stock,"

continued Jean cordially. "I would be thankful to have mine turn out as well."

The meeting was called to order, and we listened to the teachers for a few minutes. Then several of the mothers told experiences. They were nearly all West Side mothers. We East Side mothers don't have many experiences that are worth telling, partly because we are with our children so little, partly because our children live in an artificial world, while the children of the West Side begin early to solve life's problems. Of course I don't think the conditions of the West Siders are ideal, nor the ones I would choose for my children had I the choosing, but I believe they are better than the East. The majority of these children, compared with the majority of ours, will give more to the world in proportion to what they received than ours.

I spoke to Jean of Mrs. Bainbridge, and she said, "Yes, I know; she is an exception."

Why need she be? She is a normal woman, not more intelligent than many of us East Side mothers. Her children

bear testimony to the close companionship of an intelligent woman. The mistake we make, I am sure, is that we give our children over to the charge and companionship of inferior intelligence. We cannot afford to employ a woman comparable to ourselves. We *will not* assume the confining position, so we compromise by hiring a less intelligent person, promising ourselves that we will supervise our child's daily life.

Alas, the temptation is too strong for us pleasure-loving mothers to fulfill our self-imposed conditions. We are detained by a bridge game later than we expected; the maid spends the twilight hour of storytelling with our children. We spend a Sunday motoring, and the day is the same as any other day for the little ones. The child grows older, and we have become accustomed to the idea of the nurse filling the gaps. We forget that we are relegating this tender soul and the developing mind to the constant contact of an inferior intelligence.

I was foolish enough to give utterance

to these sentiments in a reading class of the East Side mothers.

Grace Dewar flared out: "I think you are wrong, Betty; my Hannah is a most intelligent girl, and I consider her a fitting companion for Henry. She understands his moods better than I do."

It is funny how personal women are. I tried to explain that I was generalizing. Probably Hannah is a superior person.

"It is strange," I said, "that we women are willing to ignore class distinction in the most important thing in the world to us. We assign to a girl, probably one unfamiliar with the mother's ideals of life, the most precious privilege of directing the budding mentality of our children."

"What are you trying to say, Betty?" asked Grace sarcastically.

"I am trying to say," I replied, "that unless we provide a person as intelligent as ourselves with whom our children are to pass the greater part of their early years, we should spend more time with the little ones. We should not allow frivolous pleasures to consume those precious hours."

"Oh, heavens, Betty; it is impossible," said Lillian Faber. "For my part, I think American youngsters have a good time. Look at the poor foreign children—they are left entirely to governesses and nurses, and it's all about the same in the long run, and my children have their entire freedom. The older ones look after themselves."

"Girls," I said desperately, "please don't think I am criticizing you, but I must say something that's in my mind and heart. I think it is also a mistake for children to be left entirely to themselves. Freedom is a wonderfully beautiful and dangerous thing, and the mistake the American mothers make when they do not retain a person to be with the older children is this: Usually their children have been left entirely in the care of a nursemaid. The nursemaid has done the best she could, if she happened to have been reared wisely herself; otherwise she has made manifold mistakes. She probably has taken good physical care of the child. The mental and moral has been

left for the mother, and she has had 'no time.'

"At an early age the children are given their freedom, without the foundation of character that should have begun in the nursery. The mother has not had time, the nursemaid has not had the knowledge, to create for the childish mind the ideals that should exist before the little adventurers are given the freedom of their lives.

"Now the foreign mother, in corresponding circumstances to ours, either gives more of herself to her children or provides persons of higher intelligence than we do to be with them in her place. There is also an important difference to be considered in regard to the nursemaids. In the old world there is an established order of things domestic. Here there exists a chaotic condition. There the maid, although possibly more ignorant than the nursemaid we might employ, is familiar with the mother's ideas and ideals; her mother probably cared for her mistress or her master in her or his childhood; she has been equipped, in a way, for her position; she does not

aspire to be a 'lady,' but is content to confine her ambitions to being a good nursemaid. Here the position is filled by a maid who has come to this country with the idea of 'bettering' herself. Very often she is affected by the restless atmosphere of the household. She is easily dissatisfied, and takes on 'nerves' like her mistress."

"Betty, you talk as if we were to blame for everything," complained Grace.

"No, no, Grace," I expostulated; "I am only stating things as they look to me. We are not to blame for 'everything.' We can't help the existing order of things as we find them, but when we recognize conditions in our sphere of mistress and mother that need bettering, we are to blame if we do not take time attempting to improve them."

XIV

October 14, 1907.

SUCH a day! Its warmth is like the return of spring, a spring whose radiant youth has grown beautifully wise with the passing summer, giving us more confidence in her promises. She returns for a brief instant to remind us of the coming of another spring and the happiness of future perfectness.

The beautiful sunshine of nature fails to light the gloom of my soul.

I long for the cold bleakness of November, for I must acknowledge the fact of Billy's increasing infatuation for another woman.

I have ceased to ask why he cares for her, why I have failed to keep for myself the most precious thing in life to me, why Charles does not see our danger and come to the rescue.

Last night Nelle, Charles, and the Ramseys dined with us. During the evening Nelle proposed a run to Eagle's Rest. Charles stepped into the den back of the

living room to order his car. I excused myself at the same time, going to the butler's pantry to give an order to the maids. From there I ran hurriedly up the back stairs to peep at Sonny and find a warm wrap.

Five minutes later I started down the front stairway, taking each step carefully in the dark, as the light had not been turned on in the lower hall. Some one had started the victrola, and it was pouring out a chorus of light opera. Nelle hurried out from the living room and began pulling apart the wraps that had been thrown on the hall seat. Billy followed to help her and to turn on the light. The electric-light bulb had burned out the night before, and the maid had forgotten to renew it. When Billy pushed the button the bulb refused to give light.

"Never mind," said Nelle, "I can see well enough; don't bother."

The moon's rays lighted the hall sufficiently to make everything distinctly visible. Billy found Nelle's wrap and helped her slip it on. The fastening of Nelle's coat caught in her hair. It is the

kind of hair that tempts one to smooth its gleaming waywardness. It all happened in a minute. As Billy's fingers fumbled with the refractory button entangled in Nelle's tresses, her nearness must have tempted him beyond his control. The released wrap slipped to the floor and he held her to him with defiant, almost angry vehemence.

I turned back and hurried up the staircase, praying the Chocolate Soldier in the victrola to persist in telling his lady his love until I could make my escape and the two below cover their confusion.

The ride through the calm, white night helped to quiet my quivering soul.

When Billy and I closed the door of our home upon the others I could hide my misery from his eyes. At the top of the staircase I turned to go down the hall to Sonny's room, to look a last good night at the darling in his crib. As I turned, Billy whispered in that hoarse stage whisper we always use when Sonny is asleep: "Betty, give the kiddie a kiss for me."

If it had not been for that whispered

message with its tender intimacy I might have had the courage to demand an apology from Billy and refuse to have my wifehood held so cheaply.

I came back to our room, to find Billy waiting to unfasten my gown and to hear how the boy slept.

"Was he lying on his tummy? Was he sucking his thumb?"

Yes, I am a weak woman, clinging to the preciousness of my wedded love, trying to hold that which is slipping from me. I put from me as if it had not been the remembrance of the embrace of the other. My husband is mine, and I will fight for him and for myself until the strength of my love shall win against that which is not love.

December 19, 1907.

Billy telephoned me last night at five-thirty that he could not get home until late, and that Fred was on the five-thirty train coming out.

I thought Fred showed a momentary anxiety when I told him of Billy's being obliged to stay in New York.

"How is Billy doing these days?" I asked.

"There is no use in deceiving you," Fred replied; "he is the same Billy he has always been; keen for a good time and always a 'good fellow.' His position as manager of the Gross Company needs his undivided attention, but his nature is such he must needs attempt more than he can perform—he is constantly going into some new business, some side issue, which distracts him for a short time, until some one interests him in something else."

"I think I understand, Fred," I replied. "But please tell me if you know whether or not he is in financial difficulties."

"I do not know, Betty," he replied. "May I ask you why you suspect that he is?"

"Because," I answered, "he has borrowed money from me twice during the last year."

"Betty, Betty, you must not lend him money," he admonished me.

I smiled. How easy it is for men to give advice to women. I thought of the

times when Billy came to me in trouble, knowing I would help him. It was too sweet a privilege to deny myself.

"Fred, I want you to talk to me," I demanded, "of the work you are doing with your newsboys' club."

"First," he replied, "you must promise me not to keep on lending money to my brother."

"You forget," I answered, "he is my husband."

"I beg your pardon—I have no right to interfere—I do not know anything of your personal affairs, but I cannot help feeling responsible for Billy's actions. You know you are alone, among strangers. You have no one to advise you—a generous and loving wife, you forget financial facts when opposed to Billy's apparent needs."

"You are perfectly right, Fred," I replied.

As I listened to Fred I fought the little demon within that dares to whisper suggestions of Billy's unfaithfulness to me.

I prayed not to think unloyal thoughts of my husband.

XV

January 3, 1908.

IT is months since I have allowed myself to converse with the being that is I.

I am as a soldier withdrawn from battle for a brief interval to examine my wounds and determine if I have the strength to return to the fray.

I have lived from day to day with the fear of defeat hanging over me like an inky cloud, and as I allow myself to question the future I feel the chill of despair numbing my being.

If it were not for my faith in the might of right taught me by Dorcas I would acquiesce to what seems my misfortune. I would acknowledge myself unable to bring back my husband to his plighted troth. Strange are the ways of man—Charles Patterson has “eyes that see not and ears that hear not” his wife’s unfaithfulness.

For months we four souls have walked on the edge of a precipice. I am on the

outside, the only one who realizes the awful depths below. I tread with careful step, and hope by ignoring our danger I may save us all. Billy walks beside me with nervous, hasty steps that loosen the precarious footing. He is so intently watching the Other One that he does not realize my efforts to push him from the dangerous edge. Charles is between the two foolish ones, with eyes in the clouds, unaware of the gaping chasm at his feet. Nelle trips thoughtlessly along, her careless step sending obstacles across our path that threaten to trip us as we go—the one who may cause the fall of us all, but would probably save herself and remain unhurt to pity our fate.

XVI

February 16, 1908.

FRED has been staying with us for a few days. Billy said that Fred looked as if he needed a few days' home cooking, and invited him out to spend a week.

Last evening I received word from Billy that he would be out on the eight-thirty, but at ten-thirty he had not come. Fred and I sat waiting for him as the hours went by. It was a bitterly cold night. The wind whistled around the bay window and the snow sifted under the window sill; every few minutes the gale would beat with fury against the windows. The storm seemed determined to burst into our cheery living room.

I sat by the lamp with my sewing. Fred was almost back of me, by the open fire. I raised my head as I listened for Billy, and was amazed to see in a tiny mirror opposite me that Fred was watching me intently as he smoked. I was

startled; then realized that he was unconscious of his reflection in the mirror. After a silent half hour he said:

"Betty, why don't you go to bed? I will sit up until Billy comes."

"I would rather not, Fred," I said.
"Where do you suppose Billy is?"

"I do not know," he replied, "but I know he will come home sooner or later. You mustn't agonize over his misdemeanors. It's mighty hard for you, but try and not suffer so. Why, you have grown thin as a rail bird this last year, worrying over that brother of mine."

"Fred," I said, "you can't understand."

"I understand," he said, "that you must be mighty unhappy. When I think of what he is doing to you and himself and all of us I get so mad I see red!"

"Fred," I interrupted, "you mustn't!"

I had unconsciously raised my eyes and saw in that little gold-framed mirror an undreamt-of thing. I know now that as the clock in the hall chimed twelve, I prayed God not to have it so. I prayed for strength to hide from myself the thing

that Fred's eyes, in his anger, unconscious of my seeing, had revealed.

He jumped from his chair and began pacing the floor, his hands thrust deep in his pockets.

"Damn him," Fred cursed, "why can't he behave himself?"

I left my work and stood close to the fire, for I shook in a nervous chill, and my heart throbbed suffocatingly in my throat. A thousand thoughts swept through my brain and left my body cold and weak. I said to myself: "He must not love me; I must not accept the knowledge." In the midnight solitude of the house, made more intense by the roaring of the elements outside, I felt his nearness. I realized against my will that this love, whose existence I ought not to admit to myself, was astoundingly, marvelously beautiful to me. I had never guessed it. The knowledge came to me, and he must never know that I know. I know that no power on earth would cause Fred to willingly allow my knowing. In an unguarded moment I discovered his secret. As I leaned over

the fire I experienced a throb of joy in thinking, "I can absolutely trust him; no matter what happens, I can absolutely trust him. I have nothing to worry about but myself."

Fred stopped his pacing of the floor and came and stood a few feet from me, at the other side of the fireplace. I did not allow myself to look toward him.

I was aware then for the first time how well I knew every expression of his fine countenance and every line of his powerful figure. I pictured him standing, gazing into the fire, his broad shoulders ready to accept the burdens of others, his keen eyes always seeing the solutions of problems, whether a business tangle or the shipwreck of some floundering human soul, his firm lips so just in their judgments, so kindly in their utterances. I could see his physical being, even the way his straight, thick, brown hair grew, although I did not permit my eyes to gaze at him. But I forgot immediately his physical outline in thinking of his fineness. I had forgotten why we stood waiting together—

I was almost happy in the sense of his fineness and strength:

"Betty," Fred spoke. "I think Billy is coming. Shall I let him in?"

"No," I replied, "please—I will do it, and I wish you would slip up to the guest room. I can manage him better alone. If I should need you, I will call."

As I opened the door I thought: "This is the real—the other is a dream."

I stood behind the open door, waiting for Billy to steady himself, as the cabman loosened his hold. I have been through it all so many times! I heard Billy saying good night with bravado and bluster to Jim from Brown's livery, and I blushed for poor Billy as I waited behind the door. I turned on the extra porch light so Jim could see his way back to his waiting horse and snow-covered rig.

"Well, Billy," I said, "your meeting kept you late. Come in, and let me brush you off."

All the time I rebelled inwardly against playing the farce, but my reason told me it was the easiest way.

"Why didn't you get to bed, Bet?"
Billy asked me. "As long as you're up,
let's sit by the fire and talk. I've had a
great day, Bet—that Berkshire sale is
going through. Gus Peckam kept me
downtown with him to talk over prospec-
tive business in Vincennes. If I just had a
couple of thousand cash I could make
twenty-five thousand dollars in no time.
There's a great opportunity in that old
town just now. Say—Bet—don't you think
you would like to sell that street-car bond
on the C. & W. and let me invest it where
it will more than double?"

"Perhaps, Billy," I replied. "Tell me
about it."

I thought: "How can I bear this?
I am losing every bit of respect for him.
I know very well what would become of
my money, if he gets hold of it—go where
the rest has gone, in wildcat speculations.
But I must humor him now and outwit
him when he is sober. I can't bear to look
at him—I am so sick of his folly"—

"Billy"—I jumped up—"please change
seats with me!"

"Cer-tain-ly. Why?" Billy asked.

"Because I want to see to sew," I replied. I thought: "Dear me, I mustn't lie to him—but I can't bear to have him sit there, full of alcoholic dreams, talking crazy nonsense, when an hour ago a man of noble purpose and unselfish devotion was there in his place."

A few hours ago I did not know of this beautiful, tempting love—from now on it will be with me always, until I die. Do I wish I did not know? No, no! I should, but I cannot.

March 18, 1908.

Fred has been away for a month and I have missed him more than I have allowed myself to acknowledge. I must be very honest with myself. I have found my anxieties without the support of his unspoken sympathy inexpressibly harder to bear. I have grown accustomed to the comforting sense of his nearness. I have learned to comprehend his generous thought of others and tender solicitude for me. I

tell myself I must deny myself the privilege of thinking of the existence of his love. Temptation whispers, "What harm is there in permitting my thought to dwell on the sweetness of the knowledge that is mine?" My reason fails to respond; the instinct of holiness, tenderly nurtured by Dorcas, burns my soul with its flame of protest.

April 12, 1908.

At four o'clock yesterday afternoon Billy talked to me on the phone and asked me to come in on the five-thirty, saying we would go to the theater. I was much surprised on getting off at the Grand Central Station to have Fred meet me. He saw my look of dismay, for my first thought was that something was wrong with Billy, and he hastened to assure me that everything was all right, but that Billy had received word just a few minutes after I had left on the five-thirty of the arrival of some men from the West, whom he must see immediately, and Fred had proposed looking after me.

He had come up to me suddenly, in the throng of alighting passengers, with, "Well, here you are, Betty." As he walked beside me, shielding me with his strong body from the jostling of the rushing crowd, each eager to get ahead of the other, a feeling of relief and security stole over me.

"Fred, I must go back home," I protested, "if Billy isn't going to meet me."

"No," he insisted, "we are to go to dinner and the theater, and Billy is to follow us there as early as he can."

I ceased protesting. What can I do if Billy thoughtlessly persists in planning for us to be so much together?

We sat opposite each other at a tiny table in a quiet and remote corner of the Waldorf dining room. Intermittent waves of melody from the orchestra reached our ears. The hum of human voices kept up its never ceasing flow around us. The lovely raiment of the women shimmered and their jewels flashed. Their attending masculine companions emphasized their loveliness by the contrast of their own somber black and white attire. The waiters

passed incessantly to and fro, serving us seemingly superior order of beings. Through our dinner I persisted in being silent, for the purpose of listening to Fred.

He told me of the plans he had for improving conditions for the men in the factory, of the experiment he had made of a paid visitor to help the mothers with the children in sickness and other trouble, of a clubroom for the boys, a place for them to spend their evenings.

The materialness of our surroundings ceased to exist for me. I was conscious only of the big, fine man sitting opposite me, telling me of the things that are worth while.

While we waited in the pleasant, expectant atmosphere which pervades the theater before the going up of the curtain I acknowledged to myself that "I still have some youth left." The evening melted away. As the final curtain went down, a feeling of desolation swept over me.

"Oh, dear," I thought, "I have forgotten myself. I must hurry up and find myself. I wish I did not care so much. Betty Moore, you mustn't wish such things; a

nice state of affairs it will be when you become as indifferent to suffering as you were wishing."

Billy did not reach the theater or the theater train, but there was a message for me at home, saying he would be home on the twelve-thirty.

After Fred had said good-night and gone to his room I was surprised to find myself with a new and secure sensation of happiness.

Fred's personality affects me, as I know it does others, with a stimulating desire to make the most of the best in life.

After all, it is something to have a mission, and I certainly have one, in attempting to keep Billy from ruin.

XVII

April 17, 1908.

I AM acquiring a habit of going to Elizabeth Bainbridge with my difficulties. She seldom can leave home, as she does her own housework. Therefore I go to her, which is of itself a help. To see her peaceful but busy home is an inspiration.

What foolish victims most of us women are to the machinery of ours!

To-day when I reached her house she was seated before an immense basket of mending, the ever-present volume by her side. To-day it happened to be the Bible, opened at Psalms.

"Well, Betty, what problem are you bringing me to solve?" she questioned.

I blushed with the consciousness that I always go to her *for* something.

"Do you know," I said, "I have just realized this minute that this is a one-sided friendship. I never give you anything; but I demand monstrous things from you."

"My dear," she spoke with tender seriousness, "on the contrary, it is perfectly equal. You bring yourself, which is a pleasure to me; besides that, you bring me the world in which you live. You save me a great deal of time, for I can see through your translation a week's life in any hour."

"Yes, but what does that amount to? As far as worth of living is concerned, a week could easily be condensed into an hour," I said disgustedly.

"Oh, Betty dear, don't allow yourself to look at things in that manner," she continued. "You have told me you don't like your manner of living, but that those are conditions over which you have no control. Now when a woman faces that problem she must avoid pessimism. A dissatisfaction with yourself and with things ignoble in your life is permissible, but don't let that dissatisfaction develop into a monster which casts a shadow so black it prevents you from seeing a possible unknown and beautiful opportunity. What is it to-day, dear?"

"Since you have convinced me of the importance of the environment, even in the earliest years, of our children's lives, I have begun to lie awake nights worrying about Sonny's future," I replied. "I have been watching the older children of my friends and noticing the conditions under which they are growing up. One of my friends, a mother of boys, said to me yesterday that it seemed to her that present-day civilization made it almost impossible for her boys to escape the world, the flesh, and the devil. Since infancy the boys have been surrounded with every luxury. The mother has been, as you describe it, 'busy,' and is just awaking to the realization that there are no opportunities in the home for the boys to learn to be useful members of society. There seems no logical reason for the boys waiting on themselves, much less doing something for the other members of the family. The father wishes a large establishment and the requisite number of servants. What can she, the mother, do to create conditions where her boys are called upon to exercise self-control

and unselfish service for others? Her problem will soon be mine, only I have had my attention called to the result a few years earlier. Is the world different to-day, or did mothers always have their difficulties to encounter?"

"I imagine," she said, "mothers always have and always will have problems to solve and difficulties to meet, but I think at the present day among the well-to-do in this country the mothers must be very wise and very strong to be able to control the environment in the youth of their little ones."

"Tell me, please, what you think I can do for my boy, to make it possible for him to become a fine, useful man?"

"The first thing," she said, "I would try to do is to give him brothers and sisters. Oh, I know what you are going to say," as I started to speak. "Yes, you can afford it, and your health will permit. You have a big work before you, you women of the twentieth century. You can't do it all in your lifetime, but you can start the pendulum swinging the other way.

You can afford it easily, if you will spend the same amount on four children that you spend on one. Yes, it is perfectly possible, and the child will be the better for it. Use your brains and your hands; that's what they were given you for. Your health will be the better for bearing children. It isn't the multiplying of your kind that is causing the ill health and the nerves nowadays. No wonder your husbands don't want more children—you make it too expensive and unpleasant for them. You aren't to blame for present-day standards and conditions, but you will be shirking your duty if you don't try, every woman of you, to change them. Your child's education begins with yourself. It isn't necessary for him to have all his wants gratified, any more than it is for you. You know you are a lot better off if you have things to wish for. Now remember, Betty, this sermon is for you and your kind, the wives of men whose income is over five thousand dollars a year. If you continue to neglect the use of your functions the next generation of man borne of

your kind will be a helpless creature physically, mentally and morally."

"I don't like to disagree with you, Elizabeth," I argued, "but I don't see how your remedy is going to solve our problems. I can't understand how increasing the size of our families will do away with all the difficulties."

"It won't do everything, Betty, but it will start you in the right direction and make it possible for you to accomplish the things your nobler instincts prompt you to do. If you will study the world of your child to-day your common sense will tell you that things are all wrong. Of course things never have been perfect, but there are more opportunities now than ever before in the world's history for mothers to create and rear noble offspring. It will be your own regeneration."

"Oh, dear, I can't quite grasp it," I sighed. "Jean says it is quality, not quantity, of children we want, and that a woman has many more opportunities of doing things for others if she isn't tied down with babies, year after year. She thinks

it is nobler to forego having many children and use your time and strength for your husband, your friends, and those less fortunate. She says there is so much to be done in 'bettering things.' "

"Of course you want quality, Betty. That's a foolish argument. The women who have one or two children among you are not the ones who do the things Jean suggests, unless it is spending your time and strength visiting with your friends. Leave the 'bettering of things in general' to women who have raised their families and to those who haven't any. You will be able to do all such things later, when you are older and wiser women. I don't mean you are to be indifferent to the world's pain. It is a near duty for you to know of good and evil in the world you live in, to be alive to any opportunity for helping the good and crushing the evil. If you learn to choose the essentials of good in a woman's life, and *stick to living them*, you will be doing your share of your work toward humanity. There are a lot of noble women doing a big, hard

work for suffering humanity, and you can help them right in your home; but help them, don't hinder them, as many of you are doing every day of your lives. I can't understand how you women can ignore your debt to humanity, as many of you do. You seem to think your own lives and your children's lives are your own, to play with as you choose. You have no right to cut yourself off from the big suffering world and say, 'I am going to do this and that; it suits my own end and purpose to do so.' You must consider your life as a part of a whole; no matter how insignificant an atom, it is a part of the big All. It is impossible for you to fritter and play away your own personal life without injury to others. It is impossible for you to hope for immortality unless you remember the Others."

XVIII

May 16, 1908.

YESTERDAY was one of those unsatisfactory days, a day when I rushed from one social activity to another. Playing in a golf tournament for the women in the morning, I hurried home to dress for a luncheon. The hostess was charming, her home artistic, the luncheon perfect, and the women guests were ornamental in the extreme.

I started in the day dissatisfied with everything and everybody, and particularly with myself. I didn't like myself or the things I was doing. If I had any definite wish it was that I could change places with some hard-working West Side mother.

At luncheon I was seated between a young girl who related to me the latest bit of town gossip and a woman who had nervous indigestion caused from her "busy life." I looked longingly down to the other end of the table where Mrs. Morse

told, in her dignified, beautiful voice, of a trip across the plains forty years ago. I wished I were near her, to feel the soothing effect of her presence. I am sure she didn't spend her youth running around the way we do. She has something back of her, and approaches old age with dignity and content. She is visiting her daughter, who is just as foolish as any of us.

It seemed to me the women were unusually frivolous and meaningless in their conversation. When we meet each other after a few hours' absence we have a way of recounting in detail everything we have been doing and saying in the interval. I could hear Jean saying to Nelle: "I have just rushed every minute this day. I got up and took the eight o'clock train into New York. I shopped like mad. I bought shoes for Georgiana and a suit for Ray, and caught the eleven-thirty back. Then I jumped into the tub, with the children calling to me about what they wanted to do this afternoon. My hair acted awful, and I had just ten minutes to get into my clothes when Bertha Morgan called me on

the 'phone, and you know how she talks. With Sarah hooking my dress and mother helping, I managed to make it."

Now Jean is a fine, sensible girl underneath, and capable of being a real woman, but like all of us she does not seem to be able to rise above her own material civilization.

There are some of us who wish things were not as they are. Perhaps if enough of us decided to better things, to stop rushing, and *think*, we might change this material civilization into something nobler and higher.

I was enjoying Mrs. Morse and her calm, sweet face, when the "nervous indigestion" woman said: "Oh, Mrs. Bennett, aren't you glad you aren't as old as that lady talking (meaning Mrs. Morse)? Don't you hate to grow old?"

"Not if I could grow old the way she is," I replied.

"You wouldn't?" she gasped in amazement. "Look at the lines in her face. Now there's Mrs. Burridge,—see, the woman next to Mrs. Lamson,—she must be as old

as Mrs. Morse. She has a married son, but you would never know it."

"Yes, that is true," I replied. "How does she do it?"

"Why, she takes care of herself, of course; she has Madame Gascon for facial massage three times a week, besides a lot of other things. It takes a lot of time, but it's worth it, don't you think?"

I looked at the two women, and I decided it was not. If the arduous and time-stealing care of the physical robs the woman's face of the expression of the spiritual and mental, I quite prefer the lines of time. I did not quite say that to my questioner, but I did say:

"I think I like the lines in Mrs. Morse's face better than the smooth expressionless roundness of Mrs. Burridge."

"How can you!" she exclaimed in amazement. "You know husbands like to have you keep young. You are liable to be sorry if you don't."

Is that true? Must I sacrifice precious hours, waste time and thought, keeping my face round and young to gratify my

husband's eye? Must I depend on my physical charms to keep his allegiance through the years to come? If I were a man I am sure I should demand something more satisfying than the youthful and immature face of merely physical perfectness.

XIX

June 16, 1908.

HAVING to keep quiet the past two weeks on account of a sprained ankle, I have had time to read a number of books.

What a perfectly lovely thing it is to have some "spare time"! I can imagine an ideal condition where one would have a few hours a week of "spare life," but I can't come anywhere near creating that condition. I have read fast and furiously the past few days, as the living-room table was piled high with new novels which I had not had time to peruse. I don't believe I am benefited in any way for having read them. My mind is fairly saturated with the paganism absorbed from their contents.

Do we, the people of to-day, live as the majority of modern novelists depict us, ignoring Christianity? I hope that these modern novels are not true pictures of our men and women, but that the writers choose to create imaginary creatures,

through whom they may preach their gospel of paganism. The idea that these beings, with their materialistic ideas, their creed of fatalism, their belief only in individualism, and their sensuousness, are us, is abhorrent.

May we refuse to accept as a part of our literature the novel of to-day, in which the ethics of two thousand years' evolution of Christianity is discarded for a new paganism?

What has become of the belief in the redemptive power of Christianity? Do we ignore it in our own lives, as the modern novelist does in his book?

I hope some men and women of our to-day will arise from the vast throng of writers and write books that our grandsons and granddaughters may read with profit, books that may stand on the shelves beside Dickens, Scott, and Hawthorne, without mortification to us, teaching the fundamental truths of Christianity, reminding us of the great transfiguring power of the Christian religion.

How are the coming millions of the earth's human creatures to live their lives,

pass through affliction, suffer sickness, poverty, and death, if they ignore the solace of Christianity and accept the gospel of fatalism preached through our books?

June 20, 1908.

I have accumulated large bunches of resolutions during my enforced rest.

The first resolve is to arrange my waking hours so that I may have a few intervals of "spare life."

I remember in my childhood hearing my dear and noble grandmother tell how she reserved thirty minutes out of every day of her life for herself, to be spent in the quiet of her own room, reading and thinking. The books she read were real literature. She said that this interval of quiet was invaluable to her; it gave her an opportunity to acquire a sane point of view of her surroundings and a chance to hold her self-poise in the turmoil of living, for adverse circumstances surrounded her with difficulties to be met.

If she needed this hour of calm and succeeded in obtaining it, surely I may find

profit in following her example. I firmly resolve to establish some regularity in my day. It starts well, Billy leaving usually on the half-past eight train for the city, but while the day is still young the telephone is liable to ring and a friend persuade me to insert in my day's program some unexpected doing. Jean, Nelle, or some one will say, "Betty, jump in your electric and come over; I want to see you about something important"; or "*I have* to go on the eleven-four to New York, and you have *got* to go with me." Although I often make a feeble protest, of course I go, and there is the end of that day.

The past week I have thought about the irregularity of my life and made up my mind it has a lot to do with my lack of accomplishment. Why, I haven't any more concentration than a flea, and there are a lot of women as I am. The men go to their business, the children to their school, and we women—to what? A little of everything. No wonder we have become "unproductive creatures." When one thinks of the limitless possibilities of the

achievement attainable by the human intellect, and compares it with the actuality in our lives, the contrast is mortifying to us women of leisure with "no time." We have lost the appreciation of time, and become victims of the nervous strenuousness of the twentieth century.

Intellect and wealth spell power. Intellect we women have dormant within us. Wealth we have enough of to assure us leisure hours. We are very valuable creatures of this earth, if we estimate our worth by the cost of our physical properties, food, raiment, and activities. I shudder when I compute what part of the world's productions has gone toward my own existence during the past year, and I shrink in self-abasement when I think of my non-productivity. I have absorbed this large personal share and have yielded almost nothing in return. If the amount had been distributed among six women who use their intellect and leisure time to good advantage the world's good would have been increased. I tremble with misgiving when the question arises in my mind:

"Have I, by taking much and giving little, added to the inequality of division which has existed since the beginning of history?" There is just so much to be divided, and if I accept more than my share am I not robbing some other? In addition, if I neglect to disburse my expenditures in a wise manner, am I not misdirecting force?

Now while my resolutions are vigorous I am going to set myself the task of accomplishing something essential to others each day. Now while my brain is clear, the result of the past calm weeks, I am going to weigh the useful and the useless in my days, and attempt to increase the former and lessen the latter. I imagine it will be almost entirely a process of elimination at first.

June 21, 1908.

As I was in the midst of making a mental map of my days Elizabeth Bainbridge came to see me.

I told her what I was resolving and asked her how I should commence the reconstructive policy of my time.

"I don't know how to begin," I complained.

"Well, Betty, it depends on how much in earnest you are," she said. "If you mean to do things you will have to readjust your point of view."

"Point of view, Elizabeth! Why, my point of view resembles a lobster's! I see things at all kinds of angles, and move erratically and ineffectually forward, then backward,—mostly backward."

"Then," she continued, "after you have readjusted your valuations—"

"Excuse me, Elizabeth," I interrupted. "What do you mean by readjusted valuations?"

"Well, I imagine," she explained, "when you begin to eliminate unessentials you will soon find facts of your existence assuming entirely different values than in the past. Seemingly important major things will become unimportant minor things."

"Tell me," I demanded, "how I may reduce to orderly worth the chaotic worthlessness of my living. My life during the last year has been a sort of continuous

performance of doing nothing in particular."

"I don't believe, Betty," she said, "your life is anywhere near as futile as you believe it to be; but I will suppose it is as you insist, and prescribe my remedy. I would select, first, my duties, my near duties,—husband, children, and home. If your instinct doesn't tell you what these duties are, make a study of them. They are before everything else your business. We women of the younger generation are apt to look somewhat disdainfully at the painstaking domesticity of our mothers' and grandmothers' generations. Yet our swiftly moving, generalizing method has fully as many disadvantages as their 'nose to the grindstone' kind of housekeeping. We need to study details and use our hands more than we do. A small portion of the day expended in physical exertion for our home and children will assist in the order you are desiring."

"Elizabeth, would you give up golf and bridge, luncheons, teas, and matinées?" I interposed. "For I can't fulfill regularly duties, however light, if I do those things."

"There is where your revaluation of things comes in," she said. "If you prefer those things to other activities and can decide they help you live a more complete life, if they do not interfere with your duty to husband, home, and children, then do them."

"With all those "ifs," I couldn't enjoy them, you know very well," I complained.

"I would suggest, Betty," she said, "that you choose one, or at most two, of the frivolities, but don't attempt them all. It is different when women have raised their families or haven't any, but it's a mistake for the young matrons to expend their energies in so many directions. You harm yourselves, your husband, your living children, and your unborn children, for it is impossible for you to retain healthy nerves with so many distractions. It isn't because any one of these pastimes is harmful, but because the American mother of to-day attempts to enjoy multitudinous amusements to the detriment of soul and body. The young women, who are, or rather should be, so important a factor in

the civilization, present and future, ought to reserve their best strength, physical, mental, and moral, for the home."

"Elizabeth, don't you think," I ventured, "if we gave ourselves up entirely to home making we would become narrow, uninteresting creatures in a short time?"

"No, I do not," she replied. "Home making may become an artistic achievement. You may develop all sorts of unexpected possibilities in yourself in perfecting the vocation of home making. Besides, I did not suggest that you give up yourself *entirely* to home. I said, let it come first. It isn't first with you now, is it?"

"No, you are right; it isn't," I admitted. "The calmness of the past weeks, I realize, now you suggest it, is due to the fact that I have been able to enjoy my domestic duties free from hurry and the confusion caused by too many outside interests; but I don't like to think of reducing the number of my friends, and I can't see how I can increase my spare time without denying myself the pleasure of their companionship."

"Of course," she said, "you will have to

do things you would rather not do if you are going to reconstruct your daily living toward the end you spoke of. However, you do not need to reduce the number of your friends; but you will have to eliminate a good many hours of visiting with those friends. The manner in which you young women visit, visit, astonishes me.

"How can you give anything of your real value to each other by this constant and everlasting morning, noon, and night companionship? Friendship is a precious thing, but even yet, 'familiarity breeds contempt.' True friendship does not demand the constant being together of those between whom it exists. You will enjoy and profit more by the time spent with your friends if the hours are fewer and the interval of separation longer. The continual sharing of feminine confidences becomes a harmful habit that weakens the moral fiber, and I am confident you will have to acknowledge that you could condense several days' intimacies with your numerous women friends into a very few minutes' conversation, if it were not for

the habit you have of prolonged discussion of trivialities."

"Yes, I think you are right," I admitted. "I shall be able to save time in that direction, if I can persuade myself to do it. Suggest something else, please."

"Well, another thing I would do," she said, "is to curtail my shopping. You women spend too much time and too much money shopping. You could be happy and comfortable with about one third less than you buy. If you are content with fewer clothes, several of your friends will be also. Example is a contagious thing. Every woman, with hardly an exception, loves beautiful feminine apparel; but you can be charmingly clad without forfeiting your dignity, and it seems to me the habit of adopting the latest dictates of Dame Fashion, regardless of cost, time, modesty, or comfort, is not dignified. Be more conservative in the robing of your person; it will save you time, money, and strength. What makes you smile, Betty?"

"I was thinking," I replied, "how distasteful your advice would be to most of

my friends and how uninterested I would have been a year ago, before I knew you and heard from you your valuations of life. Now I can appreciate your views. Since I have known you I have learned to look at life in a different way. I have learned to value things of whose existence I was unconscious. The most important is the realization of the unseen possibilities of my life,—to know, no matter though I am one of billions of God's creatures, it is just as necessary I should fulfill that which I may, as it was when Adam and Eve walked under God's commands in the Garden of Eden. It matters if I leave undone any detail of the work that in being born as I am I have the possibility of doing. I have learned to realize the importance of the closeness of contact of my life with other lives. While the responsibility of having my life so interwoven with fellow creatures sometimes troubles me, through it I am learning every day to appreciate more the mystery of existence. How meaningless and foolish my life would look if I were working out my own little pattern. How full of meaning

and how dignified it appears, when I think of it as a necessary thread woven through the great whole.

"This, Elizabeth, you have shown me, and now I know that it *does* matter what you or I do, what you or I think. It matters very, very much, in the great scheme of civilization. No use saying we are but atoms, we won't move the scales in the balance. We might be just the one atom necessary to change the balance for either side, the perfect or the imperfect."

XX

July 28, 1908.

I MADE Elizabeth Bainbridge go with me for an automobile ride into the country. We took two of her children and drove into the woods, where we spread a lunch for the youngsters. Afterwards, they played and we sat, pretending to sew, but really just absorbing the surrounding beautiful stillness and watching the lights and shadows of the woods.

Thinking of Nelle's question of the day before, I ventured to ask Elizabeth what Nelle asked me: "Why did the Lord make sex lust so strong in men?"

"I think the Lord made that instinct thus for mighty reasons," she replied.

"Look, Elizabeth," I said, "at the awful things that result from this lust of man; see the hordes of humanity with vile inheritance begotten of selfish men beasts; see the broken women, a menace to civilization, who drag out their weary hours, the victims of sinful lust."

"Yes, Betty, things ought to be better in this beautiful world, with its wonderful possibilities; and I have a hope in my heart that they are going to be. You or I won't see the things I dream are going to come to pass. I believe the day will come when woman will have the power to cleanse the world of much sin; the hour is near when men, despairing of their ability to purify life, will ask women to help them. Not in isolated spots of the globe, but among all civilized nations men will demand her support.

"The day would have come sooner if woman had not failed in her development. For the last two hundred years she has been wasting her opportunities. Let her fulfill her mission as a mate for man, physically, mentally, and morally; let her bring forth and rear with noble aims the children of love, and she may joy in knowing that she is working toward the regeneration of mankind.

"It is true that countless numbers of very imperfect beings are being begotten yearly; it is true also that women who could

have better children have been bringing forth fewer every decade. That is going to change. Women are becoming satiated with the present effervescent civilization. They are going to appreciate their privileges, and the next two centuries women will accomplish more than has ever been done by women for the establishment of good and right.

"Men are less lustful every century of the world's history. When enough women of our kind think it worth their while to cease playing at living, and convince their men of the rightness of overcoming the existing evils of impurity, then will things begin to change. *Our* men are the men who can change conditions. They are in the minority, but they can accomplish great things if their souls are inspired by high ideals. Who will create these ideals for them? We must. We, the puny mothers of the twentieth century, protected and pampered, with no very good excuse for being so treated. It's the poor mother bearing her large family of weaklings who should be protected.

"We smile in amusement at the woman screaming for the vote. She would not be an object of ridicule, or shriek for a right to help govern, if we would do our part. She doesn't want the vote for *herself*, but the ills of humanity have gotten on her nerves, and if we won't help our suffering sisters she must attempt an heroic remedy.

"We women can't houseclean the world's morals. It needs the aggressive and sustained force of the male to win moral as well as physical battles in the world's work, but we can supply a spiritual force without which no great good may be accomplished. We women must cease begetting sons and daughters with wills weakened by our indulgences. We must cease keeping our men's thoughts and energies confined to material accomplishments. We must cease arraying ourselves according to the dictates of fashions designed for the tempting of their physical desires. We must forget our present physical selves and work toward the future ideal woman. Then will the man reach

out to the woman for help, and together they will fight, and win against great odds, when my dream comes true."

XXI

August 2, 1908.

YESTERDAY I went to New York to see Bridget Conway, whose baby died suddenly night before last. I climbed the narrow stairs up to the poor little flat where she lives. My heart beat in my throat when I reached the door and knew it by the badge of mourning, white and startling in the blackness of the stairway. I suddenly felt that I must turn and go down the steep black stairs without knocking. I hadn't the courage to meet what was behind the closed door. Then the thought of Dorcas came to me, and I knew I must go in.

Bridget was trimming an old hat, trying to make its shabbiness decent to follow the little dead baby to its burial. She sat beside the wee, still thing, tearless and brave.

"Oh, Miss Betty, you are surely come in answer to me prayers," she said thankfully. "I thought I could dress the darlint,

but I can't. Whin I think it is for the last toime, me fingers rafuse to move. Could you, Miss Betty, dear, dress the poor, precious lamb?"

The little garments, freshly laundered by Bridget, lay ready to put on the still form. Could I do it?

"Bridget, dearie, I will try," I said

The children in the flat next door were shouting noisily at their dinner, the smell of which, strong with garlic and boiled cabbage, came floating in the window. Bridget laid aside her hat trimming and prepared a cup of tea for me as I, with shaking hands, dressed her baby.

I grew centuries older as I robed the tiny corpse. The feel of the cold clay, the odor of death from the little body, almost paralyzed my hands.

What is this thing, Life? Where is the spark that a few hours before warmed the now chill body of Bridget's baby? Gone to seek the eternal, and she, poor mother, must go on sweeping and baking, her breast aching for the feel of its little head, her soul longing to follow with

protecting care the baby spirit gone on its way alone into the vast unknown.

As I folded the tiny marble hands I realized Bridget was asking me if she might run down to the near-by church and say a few prayers. I promised to stay beside the bier until she returned.

While Bridget was away I knelt beside the dead and tried to realize the meaning of it.

It was the first time I had been close to human death. So my Dorcas must have lain; so my mother, whom I had never known, slept, while I unconsciously cooed and prattled. So all over this big world mothers, fathers, husbands, and wives anguished for the last hour by the side of the beloved clay from which Life has gone.

After I left Bridget I walked up Fifth Avenue until I reached St. Patrick's, where the open doors of the great cathedral invite the passer-by to stop and contemplate within its holy quiet the brevity of human existence. I went inside and knelt in a far, dark corner. Many quiet figures passed in and out as I knelt. Of those who

came and went the majority bore the mark of poverty and toil, but in all was the dignity of purpose. They must work to live, and yet they found time to visit their Lord and pray not only for themselves but for others. I shrank into my corner, feeling a selfish, purposeless creature.

I had come to seek solace for the depression caused by my nearness to death, to pray for the sparing of my dear ones, but kneeling in the stillness I saw for a moment the holiness of sorrow, and my prayers seemed like my life, detached and selfish. Among those toil-worn, earnest, praying ones I felt the blight of my materially comfortable existence.

Who am I, that I should play and luxuriate while these others work and weep? Surely they are nearer God than I. I, by my triviality, am denied the power of living to the fullness of being. I wonder why we spend so much energy trying to escape the discomforts of life. I suppose it is the instinct within us seeking something better. When I think of the valuable hours women of my kind use in seeking

the comforts of mere existence, I wonder why we do it. We would be happier, better, nobler, if we would accept what we have and use our energy in working for the comfort of those who suffer.

In the stillness of the night, last night, I could see the worth of human life. Today it seems slipping away from me. I mean to keep some of those prayer echoes that came to me in the cathedral yesterday. The hour will come for me, and when it comes it will be as the present hour, when I will go into the vastness of eternity, as Bridget's little baby has gone.

The awfulness of facing the knowledge of life wasted! To leave this big suffering world without knowing it, loving it, helping it! This divine spark burning within my own body, and, knowing the shortness of time, I let it burn on and out without doing its share toward lessening the pain I leave behind! I resolve it shall not be.

XXII

August 10, 1908.

BILLY came home yesterday afternoon with a severe headache. He looked white and wretched, and I guessed that he was suffering more than the physical misery of a headache.

I followed him to our bedroom to see what I could do for him. He threw himself on to the bed in an abandonment of dejection. I stood and waited for him to turn to me.

Finally he spoke, in a voice choking with emotion.

"Betty, do you love me a great deal?"

I wondered what I must do to prove to him the love he so often questions. I went and knelt beside him.

As he lay there, miserably wretched, craving a love which he doubts exists and endures for him, my heart responded to his need and I could say:

"Yes, dear; what can I do for you, Billy?"

"When I tell you, Betty," he replied, reaching up for my hand, "you will refuse me."

"I will try not to," I answered; but I feared to have him tell me his needs.

"Betty, I lost a lot of money to-day on the Board—I am dead broke!"

He rose up like a man, and looked at me honestly, miserably. I breathed a prayer of thankfulness. He was telling me the truth; he had been unfortunate, but he was not deceiving me nor acting the coward.

He needed my comfort in his defeat and I, rejoicing in his manhood, crept close to his heart, holding his poor weary head, kissing his despairing eyes. I wondered that I could be so happy with his sobs sounding in my ears. His confession of defeat, as he lay within the circle of my arms, clinging to me for comfort, was a chant of victory for me.

I saw for us the possibility of the happiness of which I had been despairing. I knew now I had feared he would deceive me as he had done in the past, taking the money I would let him have from time

to time for pretended well-paying investments, even paying me interest. His self-deception had never allowed him to acknowledge his mistakes.

Now he was facing the truth and suffering the agony of acknowledged defeat; but was he not preparing the way for his happiness, the real inner happiness of self-victory,—the happiness which from a dream in our youth may become as we live and suffer a vision realized,—a beautiful, intangible something, the spiritual essence of which we may take with us into the beyond, yet leave behind its power working for God's good?

August 12, 1908.

Billy went to New York in good spirits yesterday morning, after I had given my consent for the mortgage on the house. I felt he had a right to that. He paid for the home, and he must raise money some way to pay his debts. I am trying to persuade him to sell the motors. I should like to change our scale of living; but he will not consent. He looked at me in

amazement when I suggested his reducing his expenditures by resigning from several clubs at least. "It can't be done, Betty," he said; "I must keep up appearances."

I find on looking over my accounts that my own little fortune has dwindled to half its original amount. I have been too indifferent to business details, but I could not have refused Billy even if I had realized the condition of my affairs.

I should like to talk to Fred, but I feel a hesitancy in doing so. He has done so much for us, and if he realizes how my means have evaporated, and the real condition of things, he will try to do more. It distresses me that Billy will allow him to do so much.

I am wondering and questioning how Billy is going to be able to meet our expenses, and I am seeking the way to persuade him to live within our income.

September 2, 1908.

Billy has found a way for increasing our income—a plan that seems impossible for me to accept, and yet I have not the

courage to protest. He has persuaded Fred to come and live with us. Fred insists on paying a sum out of all proportion to what he receives, but he insists he will still be the debtor. He says he wants to have a "home," if only for part of the year. Fred does not know of the mortgage on the home, and I do not want him to.

Billy is growing haggard and wan. My heart aches for him.

October 3, 1908.

I went out to walk with just Dan, the setter, late this afternoon.

It is a solace to be alone in the big out-of-doors. When I was a little girl I used to think it was hard to have the sun shine when I was unhappy, but I don't think so now. I want it to smile and keep on smiling.

The autumn leaves crackled and rustled under my feet, the dry underbrush snapping as Dan pushed his prying way through it. All those dry leaves, tiny dead things, had done their work; they had burst into life with the spring warmth, gladdening the

eyes of men; through the summer they had sheltered God's creatures from sun and storm; they had dropped, when their work was done, to cold Mother Earth, giving back to her from whom they had sprung the essence of their tiny force undiminished, to be used in producing more of their kind the following spring.

I tried to imagine how much labor for the "big outside" was due from me in comparison with the power of the little leaf—I, endowed with immeasurable power in contrast to it.

It must be a perpetual disappointment to the divine Creator of men to witness the failure of some of us to use our God-given power. Does He ever regret the endowment of us with immortality? I believe, instead, He feels a divine compassion, even in the misuse of His precious gift. At the end, will I have preserved as much soul force to send into the eternal as the tiny leaf preserved of life-giving energy to give back to Mother Earth?

Does the all-wise, all-perfect One rejoice to receive a soul strong and vigorous,

ready to help in the beyond, and does He not sorrow when any of us approach the hereafter, our soul force weak and helpless for divine effort?

XXIII

December 14, 1908.

I HAVE tried numerous times to write in this journal, but I have not succeeded. I had hoped to become accustomed to Fred's daily presence, but the days have become weeks, the weeks months, and daily I must fight the same temptations. The evenings are the times of supreme trial, when I must behold the brothers side by side, hear their voices, answer their questions.

Last evening Billy had been drinking, not much, but enough to make him irritable and unreasonable. Fred wanted to talk to me about a sick child, a little fellow in whom he had become interested, the son of a man who worked in one of his company's factories. Billy interrupted persistently, until Fred despaired of continuing his conversation with me and tried to interest Billy in a business argument.

I sat in silence, watching Sonny playing

in the adjoining room. I told myself: "Billy is your husband, the father of your boy." I attempted to stifle my thoughts of Fred, but I did not succeed, and rising, went to call the boy.

The little fellow ran to meet me with outstretched arms. With his curly head so like Billy's at my knee, as he prayed for us all my cry to the heavenly Father for help was answered. The baby's moist lips on my cheek, his pure voice, and clinging arms, filled my heart with peace. I knew that I would in anguish pray again for help, but to-night I feel the assurance that then, as now, my prayer will be answered.

January 1, 1909.

The wind blew and the rain beat against the windows all last night.

What is this I am trying to find? I can see only little patches of life. I have an inner consciousness that life, clear, definite, and perfect, lies outside there. I think I must accept that it does. It is there, only I can't see or understand it.

The fact that I can't grasp things as they are does in no way affect these things themselves. I am urged by a constant insistant instinct to attempt understanding the perfect whole of which I am a broken part. It is the belief in the beauty of the unknown that causes the urgent desire of knowing.

How wonderfully soothing to think that through the maze of throbbing life the way exists to clear sight and perfectness. In hours of despair I fail to remember that it, the truth, *is* there, and I, confused by my seeing of things, make the mistake of thinking they are as I realize them. My prayer is to be able to keep my blinded vision of existence from warping and distorting my soul, that when the light of perfect knowing comes I may be able to receive it.

XXIV

REHOBOTH, VIRGINIA, *May, 1910.*

I SIT by the window of a little house which almost hangs from a mountain top. Near and far, around me, rolling hills and mountains, green with the verdure of spring, rise up from a fragrant earth.

Blue skies smile down upon me. The sun is setting in a rosy glory, its departing beams stealing into this window on the mountain side. All is beautifully warm and tender around me, but rebellion in my heart chills my soul and body. I dwell unfeeling amidst the beauties of God's handiwork.

I look into my mirror and tell the woman who looks back at me that she is wrong, hard and cruel, but she does not feel it. She says: "I cannot forgive the man who has turned my heart to ice within me."

She looks continually at the past. Over and over again she lives the hour when the

man with the blurred sight for dangers ahead sent their child to his sad fate. Constantly she feels the grinding of the throbbing machine as under the man's erring hands it became a living monster of destruction. Persistently she sees the wreck under which their boy lay crushed and maimed—she hears the little one's moan of pain.

I ask that woman if she has no pity in her heart for the man who caused the disaster and who daily begs forgiveness, and she says, "Not yet."

Fred, the man with the far-seeing, clear eyes looking into the future, went to the woman in her first anguish and said:

"Betty, your husband begs me to do something to bring you comfort, and I, knowing you cannot think just now of anything but your child's suffering, have thought for you. I know of a little town where plain, simple folk live. Above, nestled on the side of a mountain, is a little house where you may dwell. There is pure, sweet air for Sonny. Near by there

is work, hard work, for Billy. Do you want to go there, Betty?"

The woman, trusting the man with kind, far-seeing eyes, said, "Yes."

XXV

REHOBOTH, May 29, 1910.

I SAT by my window on the mountain top. The gleam of another setting sun crept in and touched lovingly the wan face of my crippled boy as he slept in his cot near me. I looked at his emaciated form, and rebellious anger surged hot within me. I said: "I feel, I know, nothing, but this child in his suffering."

The boy moaned in his sleep. I rose and knelt by his cot, drowning my soul in my mother's consciousness. My arms yearned to hold his body to my heart. My soul throbbed with aching desire to relieve his pain. He awoke and looked into my eyes. He asked: "Mother dear, when will I be well?"

I forced my eyes to smile back into his, and said: "Soon, darling, soon."

"Mother, there is daddy! Daddy, mother says I will soon be well. Will you take me to the mine with you the very first day?"

The man answered: "Yes, my darling."

As the father leaned over the child I saw his eyes swimming with tenderness.

I thought: "How much better Sonny seems as soon as his father comes."

I heard the father telling the boy of the vigorous day at the mine, of the men and boys, of the moving cars and the descent into the darkness, and how the men worked in the bowels of the earth, and what their work meant to that big outside world above them.

I prepared the evening meal, as the setting sun stole into the little kitchen.

I saw and heard the father yearning over our boy. The light from the sky enveloped them, and the rebellion in my heart ceased its pain. I was able to understand that the father held deep within his soul an agony of self-abasement and remorse.

June 3, 1910.

Billy has gone to his work and Sonny is sleeping. He awoke in the night in pain, and for hours Billy held him in his arms. I protest against Billy's working as he does

and sitting up with Sonny at night, but I have yielded to his insistence that he be allowed to nurse the child at night. Last night he made me promise to lie quiet when the child awoke. The moon's soft light lay in white patches on the floor, when I heard Billy saying:

"Darling, let's be quiet as little mice and let tired mother rest. I will wrap you warm, and tell you of the little boy I know below us in the valley."

He told the child of the coal mine where the little trains dart down into the black earth, bringing back the power that makes so many other trains move, of the men who go cheerily down into the blackness, leaving the sunshine above, that they may provide for mothers and children a little home like ours. I heard the loving, tender voice of the father soothing the child, and in the holy quiet of the night I saw a vision of what might be.

This morning, seeing the same man going to long hours of labor that he may attain the manhood he believes he had lost, I know my vision will come true.

I think with gratitude of the man who
looked into the future and helped us in
our need

XXVI

July, 1910.

THE weeks have slipped by, and I have been too busy to write of them. It is a different busy than those restless days of Meredith life. In June Fred sent Bridget Conway to me. Bridget's husband was killed in an explosion and she, poor dear, finds comfort in caring for Sonny. She is such a capable person, work vanishing as if by magic under her touch, that I was soon left without an occupation.

I said to her: "Bridget, what am *I* to do?"

"Oi was thinkin'," she replied, "you might find a heap to do down in that dirty town."

And I had never thought of it! I had been living up in the clouds, and down below was work waiting for me or any one with heart and hands.

Billy had spoken of a Mrs. Durgin. He had heard she had a sick boy about

Sonny's age, and he wanted me to see if the child was receiving necessary medical aid.

I found Mrs. Durgin preparing the evening meal. She apologized for the house—with the child sick she "couldn't get around to the regular cleaning." Poor creature, of course she couldn't! She had been up since five in the morning, cooking, washing, and nursing. She had been married twelve years, and had seven living children.

The sick boy, a child about Sonny's age, was sick partly because his mother had borne three children in four years, he being the third, partly because of poor food and unintelligent although loving care.

I made several other visits. I found houses full of children and tired women everywhere.

After our own evening meal, and our one ewe lamb had been lulled to sleep in his father's arms, we went outside our cottage door and sat on a bench which Billy had built for Sonny to rest on.

"Betty, dear, may I talk to you?" my husband asked.

For the first time I realized that Billy and I were alone since the tragedy in our lives. It had been "the boy" day and night, week after week. We had only one thought, "our child," and when I turned toward him and saw him as he is, I was amazed. I thought, "Who is this new man —do I know him?"

Fear crept over me. "Yes, Billy," I answered.

I looked up at the stars. What would he ask me? What could I say? Surely my love was not gone, the precious thing I had clung to and cherished; surely now, if my husband cared as I had cared, I could want this love. Why, oh, why, must my heart lie cold within me? Why must I feel as if I did not know this man, who looked at me as I had prayed for him to look—when my heart was warm? Did he read my thoughts?

He had put out his hand as if to lift mine from where it lay beside me, but he did not touch me. His elbows on his knees, his

hands clasped, with bowed head he talked to me, but not of himself. He talked to me of the men, the miners, and of their lives, of their homes, their work, and their temptations.

The moon went down behind the hills.

August, 1910.

It has become a habit with us now to seek the out-of-doors every evening after the little one sleeps.

I asked Billy last night what he thought I could do to help the mothers of this town.

"I don't know where to begin. There is so much to be done. At first I carried delicacies to the sick children. Many of the children are sick because the mothers are worn out with the heavy burdens they must carry, and of course the children must suffer from lack of care.

"I see that many of the wives and mothers in these poor homes, and undoubtedly it is a universal fact all over this country, are ignorant of the work of ordering a home. They haven't learned how to do the things they need to know—

cooking, sewing, and the proper care of children. The American-born mother in many instances, as well as the immigrant woman, doesn't know how to practice the economies of domestic life. She ignorantly wastes her sustenance. Of course the immigrant wives are more ignorant in other ways. In both cases, they are more sinned against than sinning, I feel.

"Don't you think, Billy, these women's children should be taught domestic arts in the public school? I do. I think they ought to be taught plain cooking, not a smattering, but the practical doing of it, the nutritive qualities of common articles of diet and the best way to prepare them for nourishing the body.

"Another important thing I think should be instilled into the minds of the future wives and mothers of the laboring class, an ethical thing, is the proper valuation of things in spending their meager income. I know it is a perfectly natural impulse for these women to hunger for the vanities of life. When I think of myself I can appreciate their wants, but it is pitiful to

see these poor creatures spend what means better food, better health, and better living, on things of no individual utility. It is pitiful to see many of these women purchasing cheap trinkets and useless finery."

"I agree with you," Billy interrupted vehemently. "I should like to make it impossible to manufacture cheap paste jewelry and all the useless truck which our country turns out by the ton."

"Well," I continued, "I suppose you can't do anything like that. We can't remove temptation from these poor simple souls any more than we can for ourselves, so the only way is to help them resist it, for the school to teach them how to choose essentials."

"There is so much," Billy said, "to teach this generation that it is a puzzling problem how to get it all in during the short school life."

"Yes, I know that," I said, "but don't you think we could eliminate some things and substitute the essentials of very simple living?"

"Yes, Betty," he said. "The more I see of the life of the big mass of our working class, the more I feel things are wrong which we ought at least to try to make right."

"Where would you begin?" I asked.

"With myself," he replied.

"You are not so foolish," I exclaimed, "as to regard yourself in any way responsible for the suffering among these poor miners and their families?"

"I said I would begin, dear," he replied, "with myself. I don't hold myself exactly responsible for the suffering in this or any other community, but don't you think that the genesis of all living is the individual?"

"Yes—perhaps," I admitted.

"Well," he answered, "I am an individual; I and others comprise the state. Each one of us is responsible for the result of our percentage of it at least."

"Dear me," I exclaimed, "I hadn't thought of it that way. It is a mighty serious thing then for us women to want the vote?"

"I used to think," he said, "that it was foolish; but since I have lived here close to the human struggle for existence and its suffering I have changed a lot of my ideas for better ones, I hope. Now I think we men ought to beg you to assume the responsibility of voting. It would be a profitable experiment for us to allow you our privilege of the franchise and assume in return the rights that you women have; in other words, for the sexes to exchange places as citizens of this country."

"Billy, is your mind unbalanced?" I laughed.

"My heavens, Betty," he said, "it is good to have you laugh like that. I would give years of my life to have you like the girl I married."

How strange is human nature and the sequences of living! If I had been able to be as I am, when Billy married me, I might be as I was then, now.

"The change you suggest is surely radical," I protested. "If we women were the state, and the state governed, what would happen?"

"Nothing very dreadful, I believe," Billy maintained; "and it would only be a temporary arrangement I am suggesting."

"What do you call a temporary arrangement?" I asked.

"A century at least," he replied. "Men have made the laws and ruled the world since its beginning, but the world has reached a stage in civilization which demands the arresting of the tendency of mankind toward materialism. Some mighty spiritual force is needed to check this tendency. I cannot believe, with the melancholy philosophers, that mankind is capable of rising so high, then falling, burying the achievements of ages in a great catastrophe from which man must again painfully and slowly arise, in time to repeat the calamity. You admit, Betty, that women are more spiritual than men. To retain an ideally moral civilization, the majority of the voters should cherish the ethical ideals of Christianity. Which sex, so far in the world's history, has been more morally spiritual?"

"The woman," I admitted.

"The materialism of the present," he continued, "eliminating the consciousness of God and ignoring the belief in an overruling Providence, is undermining the foundations of the government. Who can supply the moral-spiritual force in the government?"

"The woman, I suppose you mean," I replied.

"Yes, I do. Our civilization is hurrying on to some disastrous end, I am sure, unless this moral power is supplied."

"Suppose," I argued, "that you had supernatural power to bring about this ridiculous arrangement of things, would you expect women to supplant men in the many places now filled by them? Think of the physical inequality of woman, and in many instances the mental."

Billy replied: "The fact that women are far from the equal of men in brute force is one reason why I would give them the protective power of the franchise. The world to-day seeks to support governments by moral rather than by physical power. Why can't we, the chivalrous nation of

Americans, subjugate the physical in men and supply the spiritual in our government by voluntarily giving the preponderance of power into the hands of women?"

"I see so many objections to it," I protested. "Think of the throngs of foolish, light-headed women in this country—think of them, having the destiny of our country in their incapable hands."

"Betty, did you ever realize that these women are in the minority? They will soon be extinct, because they are ceasing to reproduce their kind. It's the sturdy, fine, middle and lower classes, as we call them, who would rise and exercise their privilege. Don't you believe, if a small percentage of you women with intellect and the knowledge of better things would take the time and trouble to tell these women that their children's well-being depended on their learning and exercising honestly their power, they would make better voters than their husbands, who are not guided by motives as holy as mother love?"

"Perhaps—perhaps," I said; "but what

will happen when man is no longer the authority in the household? He is the breadwinner."

"Other things," Billy replied, "would have to be done—such as regulating the disbursement of the family's income, allotting to the wife a fair percentage of her husband's wages."

"Suppose," I interrupted, "the wife should take the salary and spend an unfair portion on herself and children, depriving him of home comforts?"

"For my part," Billy answered, "thinking of the centuries of oppression of the poor women who have drudged, borne children, and suffered, without means of relief, I should like to see the male of the lower classes in subjection for a century at least. However, the women who do not have to labor, the women in this country who have so much freedom of person and means, would soon find enjoyment in regulating the laws concerning household management. The women who are light-headed and useless would become useful members of society, if they felt and saw the

need of their existence for humanity."

"Billy, I believe," I said, "you want to modify the constitution of the United States simply to give us women of to-day a vocation, a chance for showing what stuff we are made of. Do you think we are intelligent enough to assume control of things?"

"I think," he replied, "that it is safe to give you unlimited power. You are intelligent enough to assume only as much responsibility as you can faithfully perform. If you made mistakes it would immediately reflect on your well-being. The woman cannot escape the possibilities for suffering that her being a woman ordains. There are so many ways for her to be hurt! If every woman were a queen she would still be powerless to protect herself from suffering; her spirit, her intelligence, her physical being are more sensitive than the man's. With unlimited power, she is absolutely dependent on man for the happiness most women crave. If she were absolute ruler of the hearth, to be happy the average woman must have the love of her husband.

Therefore I maintain that woman would not abuse even the preponderance of power, because it would not bring her happiness. They are nearer the throbs of humanity's aching heart because of their ability to suffer more than men. If the women of this or any other country had given them to-morrow the unrestricted power to rule they would, through their humanity, find a way to relieve the heavy burdens of the poor. I don't believe in socialism—that isn't the way to better things—but I am sure that there is a way, and I believe the women of our country will find it, in spite of the heavy hand of some men restraining their desires."

"Billy, Billy, what wonderful things you believe of us women," I said. "I am afraid you are believing in our sex beyond our possibilities."

"No,—no, I am not," he declared. "The most perfect being in the world—my wife—has taught me the true valuation of woman-kind."

XXVII

September 2, 1910.

WE sat out under the stars. I had a feeling that we two were alone between the earth and sky. Billy had been very quiet, and I felt he wanted to speak of ourselves. At last he spoke.

"Will you forgive me if I talk about myself? I have not earned a right to ask anything from you yet but tolerance of my existence, but I seek the relief of unburdening my soul to you. I feel the need of telling you what you have given me. I came into your life and brought you sadness, unrest, and misery; you have given me the joy of knowing a perfect love and the possibility of redemption from my baser self.

"I, poor silly fool, did not realize what I was doing. I accepted your beautiful love and went on carelessly enjoying the vanities of life, unconscious of this thing which had been given me. Then, later, I met a woman who stirred my man's nature to its depths. I know now that from the

time you came into my life your spirituality cried out to my sleeping soul. I ignored the demands of my better nature, but unconsciously have been influenced by you. I had the feeling as if I were dreaming a bad dream, and a gentle voice were trying constantly to awaken me. It is useless to burden you with my agony of regrets.

"I could kill myself when I think what I have caused you to suffer. I cannot speak yet of that tragedy of which I, in my drunken folly, was the cause. When the bitterness of remorse came, if it had not been for the realization of you—you in your pure womanhood—I would have ended everything for myself in ignominious death. If I had not known your noble love and been unconsciously influenced by it during the years I ignored its existence—denying my better self the privilege of asserting itself—I would not, when the deciding came, have had the power of appreciating the worth of things. Your sweet soul has dragged mine from the doors of hell."

I had not moved or spoken while my

husband talked. I tried to tell him I could forgive him, but I thought: "I cannot honestly give him my forgiveness; I hate the littleness of my soul; he suffers more than I—I know he needs the comfort of my forgiveness. Sonny, my little boy, my mother's hurt for you refuses to forgive—I cannot, oh, I cannot—yet."

October 27, 1910.

During the months we have lived on this glorious mountain top Fred has been seeking for medical aid to send us. Yesterday a grave, quiet man from over the sea came to us. I stood silent while his skillful hands read the history of Sonny's sick body. When he came toward me to tell me what I must know I could not raise my eyes to meet the truth, and then I heard, as from a great distance, his sweet and tender voice saying, "I can give Dorcas' little sister the hope that some day her boy will recover."

Fred had sent to me the man who had watched while Dorcas' pure spirit left its earthly home.

XXVIII

June 20, 1911.

THE days follow each other in rapid succession.

To-day "Elizabeth House" was opened. I smile when I think how each of us enjoys our own imaginings. When I think of Elizabeth House I see an enchanted palace where many of these worn, despairing mothers are going to find new strength, new hope; where babes are going to dream sweet dreams, cuddled between clean sheets, surrounded by fresh air and sunshine. The sweet dreams I hope may become realities, for Elizabeth House is to be the home of new living for many little ones in this community.

To me it is a beautiful dream come true, a realized possibility for helping the mothers here toward better things. Besides the joy of the thing itself there is the happiness of knowing that its existence is due to Billy.

During the past six months he has studied the needs of this community, and

he finally decided to build this house and begin carrying out his ideas there.

Billy came to my room early this morning and said: "Betty, dearest, will you come out here? I want you to see this sunrise."

The sun was coming up through a transparent silver mist, its rays kissing the mountain tops. The valley lay shrouded in the mystery of floating fog, but half way up the mountain side the sun's rays illuminated the windows of a new house. He said:

"Do you see that house with the sun shining on it?"

"Yes, I see it," I answered, "and its being there makes me very happy."

"Do you know," he asked, "its name?"

"No, I hadn't thought of that," I said.

"Well, its name is 'Elizabeth House,' and it is a gift to this town on the birthday of the sweetest woman in the world."

Billy said the words as if he were repeating the Litany.

"Billy," I said, "you dear boy, how did you ever think of such a wonderful birthday gift!"

I thought: "If he would only look at me now he would know the ice in my heart is melting. I want to tell him, but I can't; I call him a 'dear boy,' but I feel strange and awed in the presence of this new man. Why can't I put my arms around his neck and draw him to me? I can't; he has been my boy so long, my weak, erring child, that now he is a man—a new, strong, self-reliant man—I do not know him."

"Betty," he said, "look at the smoke coming up from the chimney. That is the smoke from your birthday candle—it will keep on burning, dearest, bringing light and happiness to those souls below us in the valley."

October 18, 1911.

Elizabeth House is a plain wooden structure situated half way up our mountain. Billy hesitated about building it here. It seemed in some ways as if it were wiser to have it nearer the town, but we decided that the advantage of the mountain-side location offset the disadvantage of distance. It is a settlement house and a

resting hospital combined. Worn-out mothers come here for a few days' rest, bringing their children if they wish, but usually some neighbor takes charge of the children and boards the husband in the absence of the resting mother, who in turn does the same for her. They are wonderfully kind to each other, these hard-working creatures.

The visiting mother rests the first few days. She has her meals in bed. The nurse waits on her and reads to her if she desires it. Soon she begins to look out of her window at the mountain tops and the sky. She hasn't had time before for such things, but as she lies there, with clean things all about her and the sweet smell of the out-of-doors drifting in her window, her eyes see before her through that window the sunlight shining from above. She looks down into the valley, and thinks of her husband working in the shadows. She resolves to take back to her home some of the sunlight and the knowledge of these things above.

Later the children come for a visit. We

reserve only two rooms for the settlement work, which resembles in a small way the work of city settlement houses. We have been wonderfully fortunate in securing the help of trained persons to carry on this work. For that we are indebted to Fred. He insists on doing that part; and he always knows just the person who is eager to come down here and work in Elizabeth House.

Sonny is so much better that he is able to be carried down to the House every day. He plans games for the little children. It has brought a great deal for him to think about during the long hours he must lie on his cot doing nothing. The children gather around him and tell him of the town in the valley, and he in turn tells them of the mountain top.

It is strange, but few of the children went beyond the town until the building of this House. It is a place to come to. They must pass through meadows and under trees to reach it. They must look up and see the sun shine above them. They must hear the singing of the birds in the

branches. They cannot help but feel the sacredness of the stillness of nature, and be better for the climbing.

XXIX

November 1, 1911.

THE days of purple haze and misty frosts are here. Billy and I spend four evenings a week at the House. The other three we reserve for ourselves.

During our home evenings we discuss the many details concerned with the running of Elizabeth House, and we talk of the future. We see ahead possibilities reaching up even to this mountain top. Billy has worked and watched the life about him with such intensity that he feels it through all the fibers of his body, mind, and soul. I wish I could bring into my efforts for the women the same naturalness that Billy has in his association with the men. He is one of them—he knows and understands their trials, their hardships, and temptations. He seems to be inspired with a divine humanity. His humility is boundless. His constant attitude is an expression of gratefulness toward this laboring, suffering community.

I watched them from an adjoining room last night as he played a card game with them. They never seem to think of the difference in their births—his and theirs—but the way they say “Bennett, the Boss” brings tears of joy to my eyes.

“Betty,” he said, as we walked home under the glittering heavens, “Betty, how about our future? Shall we go on living indefinitely in this little community? Are you happy, dear?”

“This life,” I replied, “is very satisfying to me; but it is a hard one for you. Are you wishing for something different?”

“Don’t misunderstand me,” he continued; “I am thinking of you and Sonny, and others such as these people in this valley. We have started a work here that others may carry on. We both feel, don’t we, that this is only doctoring the sick, not removing the cause of the disease?”

“Yes, Billy,” I replied, “that is true.”

“Fred has been writing of an opportunity for me to go into political life. Father, as you know, was a political power in our state and exerted all his influence

for the betterment of the people. I inherit with his name the possibility of future power in the political field. With this political opportunity I might be of service to these people and their kind, by working for the enactment of laws for the improvement of existing conditions. Then too, Betty, an uncle of ours left us a lot of land out West years ago. We never imagined it would be worth much, but Fred writes now that ore deposits have been discovered on it, and he has had an offer for it that will make us all rich. I don't deserve all this good fortune, these opportunities; it's all due to you and Fred. You have made me worth saving, and Fred has made the opportunities to make me see the reason for living. What do you think I should do, Betty?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Where can you do the most for those you wish to help?"

"I am not sure," he replied. "There are so many things to consider. When I was first awakened to a sense of obligation to my fellow man I was overwhelmed

with a desire to relieve the needs of the poor. I imagined if members of society who had an abundance of this world's goods but felt as I felt, and would give of their bounty, the misery of the world would be relieved. My desire to alleviate human suffering has increased since I have lived in the midst of the daily witnessing of misery, but I realize now that the giving is not enough. It comes first, of course—the immediate relief from cold, hunger, pain, and the different forms of human suffering which poverty and ignorance engender. As the days have passed, and I have watched the conditions of the laboring ones, I have asked myself: 'What causes the poverty of this individual? What the suffering of that one? What will *prevent* these things?' I am only one man, only one individual. I cannot change the current of society. I can only do one man's work; but I am anxious that every atom of my energy should be used in the right direction for the bettering of men and women such as our poor neighbors. I have youth, strength, and financial help to a moderate

degree. I have a wife who sympathizes with my desires. Where do you wish to begin, Betty?"

"Oh, dear," I sighed, "I have asked myself that over and over again. Being a woman, of course the mothers and children appeal to me personally. I think I shall use my efforts toward helping the mothers. There are innumerable things which appeal to me but, as you say, I am only one woman. Isn't there something very wrong with an industrial condition which drives women and children into factories and creates more paupers than even the charity of a generous people can alleviate?"

"There must be, Betty," he replied. "To me this problem appears like a great battle for the Right. The condition of this country seems something like my own individual experience. Through no merit of my own I grew up into a vigorous, healthy man, endowed with all kinds of blessings and surrounded with possibilities for the fulfilling of my destiny in a worthy manner; like this country I became indifferent to the spiritual significance of living

and enjoyed my material prosperity. My awakening came as this country's has come, aroused from lethargy and indifference by the voice of suffering and the cry of the spirit. When I awoke to consciousness of the reality I was, like my country, surrounded on all sides by the accusing facts of suffering, which had been happening while I followed the inclination of material desires. There is an enormous problem for me as an individual, as well as for our country as a whole, to solve. Although I should like to believe that all men desired the good of their country and the alleviation of suffering for humanity, in preference to an over-abundance of personal material prosperity, reason and facts tell me that many are indifferent to the spirituality of civilization and concern themselves only with their personal existence, unconscious of their unfulfilled ethical responsibilities to their country and to humanity. Such being the case, there is to be a mighty struggle between those who care for others and those who care only for themselves.

"It is distressing in the present crisis

of industrial civilization to think how much good human energy must be expended to restrain those who do not care for the good of humanity from retarding and interfering with those who do, in the awakening of the spirit of civilization. There is such an enormous amount of work for our country to do now that she is aroused that it will be no wonder if she staggers in the wrong direction in a few instances; but the battle for the right has begun, and if each individual of us who cares—man, woman, or child—will use our living and our efforts in the right direction, the victory will be won in spite of seemingly impossible obstacles."

"But isn't that the trouble, Billy?" I asked. "Does not a feeling exist among us all that some one else will do the work—some far-seeing, capable, public-spirited citizen who has more time or money than we ourselves?"

"Yes, I am afraid that is true," he answered. "It probably has a good deal to do to-day with existing industrial conditions and human woe. Many of us who

would care and would try to do our share, if we thought it concerned us, are too busy living our own lives to realize that any effort is needed by us personally to help adjust mighty problems. We forget to ask ourselves, 'Who is my brother's keeper?'"

November 6, 1911.

The mountains rise in majesty around me, and the twinkling stars send out thousands of shining rays. I breathe the perfume of the fragrant earth, whence millions of tiny flowering things send their homage to the skies. The moon shines down, and from the height I see the shadows hovering over the earth. I have dwelt in the shadows and they will, perhaps, again envelop me, but I shall have with me always the knowledge of the mountain top. I see my husband climbing upward, and the light from above encircles him and shines before him on the road as he climbs. The future stretches before me, beckoning me to better and nobler things. Peace, gentle, tender, satisfying, hovers over me. From

out the eternal, the soul of my beloved sister Dorcas bids me work on, hope on, love on, until the hour comes for me to follow her into the glorious Beyond.

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